NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

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Selections.

From the Liberator.

REPLY TO C. M. CLAY.

WEYMOUTH, near Boston, July 25, 1846.

DEAR MR. CLAY:—Your letter of June 30th, announcing your departure for the seat of war in three days, was received with a feeling of the deepest regret that the human heart can experience; for there is no pain like that which accompanies the conviction that we have been mistaken in the bestowing of high esteem—that those whom we honoured, have been tried and found wanting.

Do not mistake me so much as to think that I have judged you by my own moral standard. I have always felt and seen the great difference between the absolute right of the Anti-Slavery men of the North, and the relative right that you proposed as your object; between their immovable adherence to principle, and your changeful obedience to impulse; between their "immediateism" and your "gradualism;" between your preference of what was politic, and their devotion to what was right; between your choice of evils, and their conviction that no evil can befal a man to be compared with the moral degradation of deliberately choosing even the least evil.

I have always felt that your anti-slavery was, so to speak, provincial, in comparison with that sublime and magnificent cause, to which I have bound myself—the cause of freedom for the race as the only basis of moral excellence—the cause of man and the cause of God. Still I felt the deepest interest in your progress; and the very depth of that interest has, perhaps, deceived me into thinking I saw an advance, where there was no movement in reality. I hailed most joyfully, for example, the omission of the words "gradual emancipation" from the motto of the True American. "A little experience shows him," I thought, "the folly of expecting to change the minds of a strong-willed people without driving deep the principle on which he builds into the very foundations of the moral being." I thought, too, that I discerned a corresponding perception of the nature of force as opposed to freedom, and I blessed your name as affording the promise of a noble auxiliary in the holy cause of freedom, to which every American ought to devote himself, as the first and most imperative duty.

I am ready to blame myself, if it were so that my wishes biased my private judgment as to your exact moral position. But I have not trusted them, nor taken them into the account in making up my mind as to your recent action consequent upon the Congressional assumption of the war in behalf of Slavery.

Will you pardon me, dear Mr. Clay, if I affirm, as in conscience bound to do, that the judgment of Abolitionists, of which the Liberator may be taken as the exponent, does not seem to me severe? I beseech you to hesitate to call it so; for if it be, what intensity of self-condemnation is there in your own words, uttered here in Massachusetts!

"I ask if there be under heaven, any reason why this project, then, is urged upon us in all this hot haste, but for the avowed, the single, the damnable purpose of extending Slavery over the unborn fifty millions of Texas, and perpetuating the slave rule over us and our posterity? Once more, I repeat, I am against it, NOW AND FOREVER. The Romans made their prisoners of war pass under a yoke, to remind them of their servitude. Here is a yoke labelled *War and perpetual Slavery!* Shall the future historian write it, that the descendants of the patriots of '76 went forward to the polls in 1844, and *voluntarily submitted* their necks to bondage, *gladly prostrating* themselves before the heel of the tyrant?

"We trample upon the most solemn treaty between Mexico and the United States, and rush over the Constitution, TO WAR IN THIS FIENDISH PROPAGANDISM; and in such a war, according to the laws of nations, it is not only the right, but the bounden duty, of all Christendom to come in to the help of Mexico, and reduce us to a sense of common justice. And in *such a war*, when the banner of 1776, 'right against might,' once borne by us, is now borne by them—*when I shall be called upon to rally to the standard of my country inscribed with* 'ETERNAL SLAVERY,' *I am bold in the avowal that though I profess to be as brave as most men, I have no heart for such a contest*—I AM A COWARD IN SUCH A CAUSE! On our own soil, in defence of our own rights, I defy the world in arms—but in *such a cause as this*, if the Bible is true, *we cannot succeed*. If history be not a fable, we cannot hold permanent conquest. 'They who live by the sword shall perish by the sword,' and at all times, dominions based upon unjust conquest, has fallen to sudden ruin, and ultimate retributive desolation! This Republic must stand upon *justice, a high moral sentiment*, or else it *cannot stand at all*."

Whatever might have been my opinions on other subjects connected with our cause, here there existed perfect agreement between us. No new light has been cast upon my path by the assumption of the war by Congress. I knew before that this was a slaveholding nation—under a slaveholding Government—bound together by the willing allegiance of an immense majority, to a slaveholding Constitution. It can make no change in my feelings, my principles, or my course, that this majority, whose tyrannical will was so undoubted in peace, should proceed to the further manifestation of war, I still remain on the spot where you stood with me, while you have suffered yourself to be dragged into the ranks of the embattled defenders of Slavery. Ah, Sir! how can you feel as if *we* were alienated from you? Do you not see that it is *you* whom Slavery has contrived to alienate from us? It is an unfortunate comparison you make, when you ask if the father be not bound to rescue his children from the consequences of their crimes, for to pursue it is suicidal to your argument. No one will claim it to be the duty of the father to participate in his children's crimes, or to preserve the form of his country's existence at the cost of her honour and his own. What sophistry bewilders you, my friend, on this point? Shall such as you and I give the sacred name of country to the slaveholding United States? "Alas, poor country! afraid to know herself, she cannot be called our mother, but our grave:—Where nothing but who knows nothing is once seen to smile!"

Yet one other might be allowed the patriot's lofty smile—he who refuses to aid the tyrant Government in the execution of its detestible purposes—he who defies its will, though alone—he who allows no schemes of policy to tarnish his honour—no temptations of place or power to make him even *seem* to quit the side of the oppressed—he who sees and binds himself to what is universal and eternal—"whose country is the world and whose countrymen are all mankind." Yet to him, and to such as him, to whom by every historical precedent, the character of patriot more peculiarly pertains, you wholly deny the name. Them you think narrow-minded—them you seem to consider treasonable. Such a difference in the estimation of things it is very safe for *them*, (using your own words,) "to leave to the arbitrament of coming time."

What has Mr. Garrison done, that you should call him dictatorial, or say that he attempts to think for you? When he saw you going with the majority to fight for Slavery, and siding with the master against the slave, he blamed you for it; and the rather, because what you had previously said, showed that you were acting now, against your better knowledge and feelings, under the pressure of strong political temptation. And you assume to be made of as stern stuff as he! Ah, my friend! if it were but so, how much pain would it have saved yourself and us! How much suffering would it have lifted from the oppressed! What cause of exultation would have been removed, over which the enemies of freedom raise the shout of scorn and mirth!

While nothing doubting that the self-deception you have practised, amounts at least to sincerity, I deeply feel the mortification of your fall.

Do not expect from me a different moral judgment in this case from what you would look for at the hands of a high-minded man. In my place among the Abolitionists, I have lived in association with such long enough to have learned what is noble and true, even had I not before felt the conviction leading me to take that place:

"I grant I am a woman, but withal
A woman well reputed—Cato's daughter!
I grant I am a woman, but withal
The woman that Lord Brutus took to wife!"

You are fighting against us! We, the servants of freedom, can have no sympathies with the slaveholding United States, in a war with a nation that has abolished Slavery. A traitor to freedom I certainly deem him to be, who, in this war, for the perpetuation of Slavery, shall defend even Boston against the Mexicans. *They* are fighting in self-defence: *they* are truly battling for their hearth and altars: *they* are fighting for freedom, while *you* are fighting for Slavery. And opposed as I am in principle to all force, as the natural foe of freedom, I yet am able to discern how much the moral scale preponderates in their favour, in their contest with the United States. The women of the North would be unworthy of the equal place they hold in the Anti-Slavery movement were they for a moment capable of countenancing the horrors of Slavery, for the sake of averting from their own thresholds the horrors of war. *They*, I hope and trust, are not looking for personal safety or success.

They assumed this holy work
"In full deep knowledge of their task
To suffer and to die."

They looked for no respite—they knew their lives must be past in toil and obloquy and privation.

Experience has shown them that for the faithful-hearted there is in this land no assurance of personal security; and it is more tolerable to them to think of northern cities sacked by Mexicans than by slaveholders; for the triumph of the arms of the United States is the victory of Slavery.

Your letter, my dear Sir, opens the whole question of the philosophy of reform; and how impatient of the pen does the mind become as the only satisfactory solution flashes over it!

Yes—dissolution and rebellion are the only remedy! Not armed rebellion, but individual independence of soul. Was there ever a truth that was not once in a minority of one? But whose heart is likely to be drawn to follow that one unless he be made of stuff stern enough to stand his ground alone,—cheerfully proclaiming himself like the old border house of Hazledean—"ready, aye ready"—though the State were dragging ages behind; presuming to think in its behalf and for its reformation, far into the future, exhorting and praying for nothing better than that others shall reap the fruit of his success, and knowing that only he that is ready lose his life shall find it.

It is a delusion of Satan that leads any man to suppose that Slavery is to be overcome by conceding to its claims, participating in its outrages, and submitting to be dragged at its chariot-wheels. You have become already popular in Kentucky—in comparative favour with slaveholders. Is it not a sufficient condemnation of your course? This crooked advance of the politician, sacrificing rectitude at every step, strikes anti-slavery men of the North as even more vulgar than the glory of the soldier. It is a fame yet more nearly akin to infamy.

There is a way to retrieve all, and to secure the grateful tears of the servants of freedom in this and all coming time. It is to COME OUT from the army—the Whig party—the State of Kentucky—the slaveholding Union. To PASS OUT, though like Abdiel, alone,

"Long way through hostile scorn,"

and join yourself to the American Anti-Slavery Society. You cannot serve at the same time under the banners of freedom and those of the United States; *No* man can serve *two* masters. He will love the one and hate the other; or he will despise the one and cleave to the other." This is the supreme folly—the crowning wickedness of Americans, to fancy they can serve God and Mammon. Oh, Sir! only put it in their power to vindicate you, and you shall see how highly the women of the North value fidelity to principle. You shall secure their grateful remembrance, and that of their children, to the remotest generations. But do not misapprehend their place in this conflict. Whoever falls, whether in Mexico or before Boston, in the ranks of the slaveholding United States, falls not for me or mine.

Your friend faithfully,
MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

THE GREAT REMEDY.

The following article is from the Cleveland Plain-Dealer, one of the ablest democratic papers in Ohio:

"No cure, no pay," as the patent medicines say. The North and the West are just at this time boiling over with indignation, at the underhanded trickery of the South. We have been cajoled, bamboozled, and put upon, say they, and true enough they have. But what is the use of crying. It is just like a tall, gawking greenhorn, blubbering for being whipped by a boy half his inches. *We do not belong to the blubbering party.* So long as we can out-vote the South *two* to one in Congress, and *five* to one on a President, if with these advantages, we cannot beat half the time, let us brave our defeats like men, and acknowledge in no whining phrase, the superior generalship of our foes.

Southerners are not so much to blame for going in for the South. Every man for his country. A representative must look to the interests of his constituents, whatever those interests may be. Let the North and West do this as faithfully as do the South, and this predominance of the slave-power will be at an end. If the South, feeling their weakness, have to combine in order to carry their slave measures, let the North and West combine against them, not for the purpose of oppression, but to prevent unjust legislation. Against such combination the South cannot complain, as by their example they compel us to this alternative.

A letter written from Washington, on the day of the veto of the Harbour bill, says:

"The President's veto message to-day, fairly roused up the indignation of the Western members. They have been most elegantly circumvented in this business. The bill was kept back until the Tariff was safe. Now, had our Western friends insisted upon the return of the River and Harbour bill, with the President's signature, as the only condition of their voting for the Tariff, the probability is that the bill of Internal Improvements would at least have been suffered to slip quietly into a law, by the expiration of the ten day's limitation. The Western Democrats were in a sad humour—the Southern ones never more delighted. It was an adroit turning of the high cards.

The Southern Democrats are in the ascendant—the Northern fraternity are in the vocative. The management of Secretary Walker is equal to any emergency. As a political tactician, he is unsurpassed. He makes every edge cut in every direction.

True; had our Northern and Western members "combined," during the present session of Congress, as have our Southern friends, something like fair and just legislation for the whole people might have been had. The folly is our own.

But a greater advantage than combination have our Southern friends just now. They have entire control of the Executive power, an influence second to none in the Government. This they obtained by a dextrous manœuvre at the Baltimore Convention. They have got a Southern President with Southern principles, and through him the North and West have been made subservient to Southern policy. Now, if the people of the free States, with their eyes open to all this, allow the same to be repeated in 1848, the fault will be their own. The next Presidential election will settle the question forever, or as long as the Union stands, whether the slave policy shall have the predominance in this country or not. Another four years will add slave territory enough to the South, to forever overbalance the free representation from the North, and he must be a blinded partisan indeed, who cannot see it.

Freemen of the North, beware! The time for conciliation and action has come. COMBINATION is the word. Let the boundaries of slavery as contemplated by the framers of the Constitution, be set! and then, and not till then, can we hope to become a *nation of freemen*.

If General *Quitman* has nothing else that is good about him, he has a capital name for a slave to run away from. Tom, we hope, will take his master's name, as it is all he will ever get from him, in payment for the years of labour for which the General owes him. We take this story from the Tribune:

INHOSPITALITY.—Mrs. Gen. John A. Quitman, of Mississippi, a short time since came on to Boston with her five children, as she had a perfect right to do. (Her husband is down on the Rio Grande, fighting to "extend the area of freedom.") She brought along a favourite and very useful slave, as Mississippi said she had also a right to do. All right, so far. But the slave, arrived at Boston, discovered that he was a man, and concluded to improve upon his master's example, by "extending the area" aforesaid, a little on his own hook—so he quietly stepped out, and comes up missing. All right again, so far as we can see. But one of that most loathsome of all lickspittles, a Northern toady to Slavery, writes a letter to the Commercial, accusing somebody in Boston, without a particle of evidence to sustain the charge, of "flagrant inhospitality," and winding up as follows:

"It is at least due, not less to national hospitality than to common justice, to bear an emphatic testimony against this cruel outrage committed upon a meritorious and accomplished lady, the wife of a gallant officer, who is perilling his life for his country, and to invoke sympathy in favour of a female so peculiarly circumstanced. If it will have no other effect, it will, at least, put Southern travelers upon their guard, against such an exercise of New-England hospitality to the defenceless and unprotected stranger. OTSEGO."

"Defenceless and unprotected," you craven loon! *Who* are you talking of? In Mississippi, the *slave* was "defenceless and unprotected," but in Massachusetts both slave and mistress are protected to the uttermost. If Massachusetts had compelled the former to go back into the bondage from which he has fortunately escaped, *that* would have been an act of gross inhospitality, but now there has been none whatever. Mrs. Quitman has lots of cash, and can hire servants to minister to her every wish, in addition to the dozens who are now earning the cash she is spending, down on General Quitman's Mississippi plantation. But black Tom has only his hands to get a living with, and must work hard to get along at all. Yet you talk of "sympathy" for, and "cruel outrage" on, not him, but *her*. Poor ignorant Tom deserves sympathy; Mrs. Q. none, except for being educated to regard human beings as mere chattels and conveniences.

See how the *Herald* tells the same story:

ABOLITION INTERFERENCE WITH SOUTHERN RIGHTS.—If, indeed, the body of mortals called Abolitionists, ever achieve any other object than the abolishing of all but contempt and disgust towards themselves from reasonable men, they must pursue a different course from their present one. So long as the influence of their policy stopped with themselves, it would be of small moment, but if anything is calculated to rend asunder the ties existing between the North and the South, it is the officiousness of these misguided beings, who watch every opportunity to interfere with the family relations of our Southern guests.

Our attention has been particularly called to this subject, by a letter published in an evening paper in our city, the substance of which is as follows:

"Mrs. Quitman, the wife of the former Governor of Mississippi, and now a Brigadier General in the army of the United States, on service in Mexico, accompanied by her son, not yet fifteen years of age, and four daughters still younger, and attended by a servant, in whom General Quitman had unbounded confidence, whom he entrusted with uncounted moneys, and who was strongly attached to his master's family, proceeded from New-York, by way of the Long Island Railroad, for Newport, and spent Saturday and Sunday night at the Tremont House, Boston.

"On leaving for Newport, on Monday evening, she discovered that this servant, as she thinks by direct force and coercion, but possibly by artifice and persuasion, accompanied by gross misrepresentations, was detached and detained from her service. And this is the requital which New England men render a gallant officer and accomplished gentleman, for periling his life in the service of his country."

This detachment of a favoured servant from the service of a female, is, in our view, nothing less than a theft, and can be palliated by no abstract pleadings of human charity or honour. That a lady cannot visit the North, accompanied by a servant, without the latter being tampered with by officious fanatics, is a disgrace to the State which allows the commission of a useless abduction, for the mere gratification of selfish prejudice. The only effect that such conduct can have, will be, to alienate all brotherly feeling between New England and the South, and will put at a more distant day the time when emancipation may be practicable.

If it were of the slightest use to advise men destitute of the sense of common justice and hospitality, we would tell them that their own views might be better advanced among themselves, but nowhere else, by promoting general principles rather than committing personal depredations.

The Albany Evening Journal discourseth thus:

RUNAWAY SLAVE.—Some sympathy is expressed in behalf of Mrs. QUITMAN, of Mississippi, whose slave has run away. We never could manage to regret such occurrences. We will not encourage or advise slaves brought North as domestics to run away, but we would not put a straw or a feather in the path of those who strike for freedom. Our sympathies on such occasions are always with the fugitive, whom we would help, rather than hinder, in his struggle for emancipation.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS.

Our agents in Ohio are doing a great work. We learn from the following article in the Massillon paper, how they were recieved in that town. Their chief opponents, we are sorry to say, so far as we can judge from the papers, are the Liberty party people:

The event which has excited the most interest among our citizens during the last week, is the appearance among us of two somewhat eccentric characters in the persons of Mr. and Mrs. Foster—the latter better known as Miss Abby Kelley, a name she bore until her marraige, which took place but a few months since. The fame of these individuals had preceded them, and had indeed gone forth through most of the free States—had even penetrated the slave States somewhat. But fame had said much to their prejudice—had branded them as fanatics, infidels, traitors, and almost everything that was wicked and unamiable. Many of our good citizens seemed to expect, in these lecturers, something very little better than fiends or monsters; the churches were all closed against them; the clergy with one voice refused to announce the time and place of their meetings; the politicians, that is, the "true patriots," (of whom we have a goodly number in Massillon,) talked much of their seditious and treasonable designs; the consequence of all which was that their audiences were large—much of the time larger than the spacious Tremont Hall in which they assembled, could, with any convenience, accomodate.

They came, were listened to, and are gone—in peace. They said many harsh things, in a very harsh way; for of whatever they talked, they were not nice in the choice of epithets. Slaveholders, and all connected with slaveholders, however remotely, or by whatever forced construction so connected, were alike placed in the category of man-thieves, ravishers, robbers, cradle-plunderers, baby-stealers, &c.; the audience were accused of perjury and similar *peccadilloes* without mercy—at which very few, except the clergy and "true patriots," aforesaid, took any offence, so far as we know. The lecturers had their way of proving these rough charges, evidently quite satisfactory to themselves, but quite unsatisfactory to us—yet not, for that reason, the less amusing. They repudiated all connection with Slavery, and, insisting that the Constitution of the United States countenances and sanctions that flagrant outrage upon human rights, they denounced the taking of an oath to support it as a sin—and even condemned any union, whatever, with those who tolerate an institution so wicked and so barbarous. The American clergy, being shown to be the apologists and upholders of Slavery, were terribly excoriated—even denied a place in the true Church of God. Politicians of all parties—the Liberty party by no means excepted—were unsparingly scourged for their action or want of action, with reference to the monster evil. Our Locofoco friends complain, not without reason, that their flagellations fell, with rather unequal severity, upon their backs,—with what justice, we will not venture to say, at present. If obsequiousness to the slave-power is an offence worthy of stripes, we think they merit a liberal share; but perhaps it is worthy of place, and power, and fat salaries rather—which it gets.

But of all the faults which our lecturers committed, the most grievous and unpardonable was their attack upon the clergy and churches—their bold accusations against ecclesiastics and ecclesiastical bodies, of advocating, or, at least, indirectly sustaining the horrid institution. They did say many naughty things of the priests; and what was worse, they did not choose the mildest language, as they should. They did not even affirm, as is customary, when speaking of priests, that, while they were obliged to condemn their *acts*, they did not doubt the *purity* of their motives. They should at least have said that, but they did not—would not have said it, we suspect, even if they had been politely requested. They spoke of the priests as of other men—called them, in their connection with Slavery, man-thieves, and such hard names—a kind of language which might have been proper enough, in speaking of Hume, and Voltaire, and Paine, and other *infidels*, but which should not have been applied to priests. We are afraid, however, that our itinerant friends do not intend to mend their manners in this respect.

In conclusion, we must say that Mr. and Mrs. Foster exposed the wrongs and horrors of our American slave-system with a fearlessness, and force, and a terrible eloquence, which their hearers will not speedily forget. They have left an impression upon the public mind, which will endure, we think; and, notwithstanding the many hard things they said, almost everybody is pleased. The clergy and "true patriots" are, of course, the least pleased of any; but even they will look forward with much interest to a repetition of the visit, which is already in contemplation. Should the visit be repeated, we can assure our friends that their audiences will not be diminished.

From the True Democrat.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM THE HON. JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS.

WASHINGTON CITY, July 19, 1846.

To the Editor of the True Democrat.

MY DEAR SIR:—In your notice of my letter to Brown and Hamilton, you appear to have overlooked the very important consideration that the Annexation of Texas was consummated by the admission of Texan Senators and Representatives to seats in Congress.

The mere passage of the resolutions by Congress, being unauthorized, was of course void, and of no effect so long as they remained without being carried into effect. It is therefore *the fact* that Texan Senators and Representatives now sit in Congress, and vote upon the passage of laws to govern our people of the free States, that constitutes the *actual* revolution in our Government. By the Constitution of 1787 no person who had not been nine years a citizen of the United States could be a Senator, nor could any person who had not been seven years a citizen of the United States be a Representative in Congress. Yet here are two Senators and two Representatives who, nine months since, were the sworn supporters of a foreign, slaveholding Government. By their votes they have repealed the Tariff of '42, and stricken down the free labour of the North.

It is these facts that constitute a revolution in the Government. The law-making power is as really changed as it would have been had the people of Ohio been transferred to the dominions of the Grand Sultan. Now, Sir, if this be not a *change* of the fundamental elements of our Government, I ask what is it? Are the people of the State of Ohio bound to obey these laws? Surely they are if the laws be passed by constitutional authority. But you say that the *whole proceeding is void*. Are these laws void? If so, where is our Government? Are they valid when enacted by persons wholly prohibited from legislation by the Constitution of 1787? It appears to me a most clear and indisputable proposition that this change is a *revolution*, doing away with the old Constitution, and substituting a law-making power unknown to it, and which was entirely prohibited by it.

It is now the openly avowed purpose of the slave-power to conquer territory at the Southwest, and from it to admit slave States so fast as may be necessary to keep the free States in subjection. Will the admission of fifty such States constitute a revolution in our Government? Not more so than one. It is a question of principle not of numbers.

But you say the Union of 1787 is still subsisting. Are there not new parties to the actually subsisting Union? If so it cannot be the same as that of 1787. The truth is we have *new parties to the Union*, and the law-making power is exercised by powers prohibited by the old Constitution. These facts are known and admitted by all. How then the old Union can continue after the Constitution on which it was based has been overthrown in its vital principles, is a position which I do not very clearly understand. You say that the President and Congress have not the power to dissolve the Union of 1787. That is true. But the people of the slave States, by leaving that Union and entering into a compact with a foreign Government, absolve the free States from all further obligations under our former political compact.

These are the points which I am unable to decide. To my view they are conclusive. The policy of the free States in going into the new Union is one which belongs to the people to determine, and is entirely distinct from the constitutional effect of Annexation.

Yours, &c. J. R. GIDDINGS.

From the Albany Evening Journal.

COST OF ENLARGING THE AREA OF SLAVERY.

A New Orleans correspondent of the New-York Commercial Advertiser, writing under date of the 26th ultimo, says:

"In my last I promised some account of the manner in which money and credit have been used here in chartering and purchasing boats, &c. but have since seen a pretty good account published in the Northern papers, and will add but one or two items. The steamboat James L. Day was paid for one trip and detention at Point Isabel—say about thirty days from the time of leaving here until her return—twenty-nine thousand, seven hundred and sixty-three dollars. The Telegraph, which was sold here last Spring for twelve thousand dollars was chartered for two or three trips at seven thousand dollars each trip, and then sold to the Government for the snug sum of twenty-five thousand dollars. A neighbour of mine purchased a *condemned* French brig for one thousand dollars, and in an hour after chartered her to the Government for a trip for twenty-three hundred dollars to transport troops to Port Lavacca.

These are a mere specimen of hundreds of cases. I have used the word credit above. The supplies for the first volunteers were almost entirely purchased on credit, and as but few were able to sell cash articles—such as provisions, sugar, coffee, &c.—on time, the Commissary met with some difficulty, and but for the three hundred thousand dollars so promptly furnished by our State, I doubt if they (the volunteers) could have been sent at all until funds had reached here from Washington.

As a consequence, the highest price was paid for everything, and those who were able to sell on credit realized larger profits. After the wants of the Quarter-master's department was known at Washington, they were promptly supplied—remittances coming in driblets of fifty thousand and one hundred thousand dollars at a time, to pay liabilities amounting to more than one million dollars.

The following is an extract from the last of a series of letters from Dr. Snodgrass to his paper, the Baltimore Saturday Visiter:

LOUDON COUNTY, (VA.) August 10th, 1846.

* * * * * * *

This is really a charming section of country. The aspect was gloomy indeed for some miles from the Potomac river, the soil being stony and barren; but the moment I reached the summit of the Catoctin mountain, my disappointed feelings were wholly dispelled. Then there bursted upon my view one of the loveliest valley scenes I ever beheld. It is what is here styled the "German settlement." In it, as in the centre or "Quaker settlement," there are very few slaves; and, as might be supposed, these sections of the county compare, to overshadowing advantage, with the Eastern or slaveholding portion. Loudon county presents a sort of miniature view of Maryland and Pennsylvania, or Kentucky and Ohio, compared with each. One can almost determine, at a glance, the lines of demarkation between the free and slave-worked portions of the county—such is the signet of each upon a soil kindly and productive, and so undulating or "rolling" withal, yet clear of superficial rocks, that only needs true wisdom of culture to adapt it admirably, to the two leading staple products of Virginia, wheat and corn. I was about to call these the *natural* staples of the State—and, if one may be allowed to judge from the consequences of the various products, respectively, upon the soil, he would surely say that tobacco is not naturally adapted to it. Behold how many fertile plains it has converted into worse than barrens, driving hundreds of the Old Dominion's sons to seek a new home in the far West.

Communications.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

PHILADELPHIA, 8th mo. 9th, 1846.

I hasten to give you a brief sketch of the Kennet meeting, which closed its sessions on the 9th instant, after one of the most auspicious and reviving occasions of labour with which our noble cause has ever been favoured. If the theory of special providences be really true, the Abolitionists of Pennsylvania may confidently assert that God smiles on their cherished enterprize; for everything in the outward world,—an unclouded sky, refreshing breezes, bright days, and balmy evenings,—conspired, with glorious weather of the soul, to make our annual gathering a season of unalloyed satisfaction. Although Liberty party predicted a failure, I could not perceive that any falling off from last year had occurred in the number of Abolitionists present, and the attendance of those who came to hear of "this strange doctrine," was, apparently, quite as numerous as that of August last.

The meeting opened at 10 o'clock, of the 5th instant, with Robert Purvis in the chair. Purvis makes a good President, in most respects, and, for gentlemanly courtesy, has not his equal within our Quaker precincts. I delight to see him placed in the chair, for his every act in that prominent position smites, as with "a light and glancing rapier," the cruel prejudice of colorphobia, beneath the fifth rib. No strangers were present, with the exception of C. M. Burleigh and Adin Ballou, if, indeed, we can strictly call the former such,—so quickly and so naturally has he, in a few brief months, become an endeared member of our household. Though Phillips and Quincy, and Mrs. Chapman, would have lent a more absorbing interest to the occasion,—we were satisfied, for we felt that, without any additional array of talent and moral worth, we were a "goodly companie," and entirely adequate to our work, so long as we grasped with an unfailing faith the ethereal weapon of fidelity to principle, and marshalled our veteran host beneath the snowy folds of that banner "drawn from the armory of heaven," and blazoned with the fearfully potent watchword,—"*No Union with Slaveholders.*"

The forenoon of the first day was chiefly devoted to local business of the society, and although much animating discussion occurred, nothing of general interest to readers of the Standard, transpired.

Though the spirit is the same in each, how diverse is the outward manifestation of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery at their respective annual conferences. The former, though enthusiastic, and impatient of restraint, with the "Cradle of Liberty" for its theatre, and some of the noblest specimens of man—the cream of humanity—as actors thereon, is still, to some extent, the creature of city habits, and subject to city annoyances. While the latter spends its "unlaced hours" beneath the forest boughs, and on the green-sward of the unfettered and unfettering country, Anti-Slavery, like the human lungs, finds expansion and fresh vigour in country air, and I witness its multiplying pic-nics with the liveliest satisfaction. When the hour for refreshment arrived the gathered multitude scattered their ranks beneath the leafy roofs of the forest, and over the pastures, very much in the manner which our friend, Thomas Earle, affirms the annexation of Texas will diffuse the slave and slaveholding population of the South, and thus abolish Slavery; for he asserts that the old dragoo cannot live when his Kingdom is thus enlarged, and new fields, whereon to seek his prey, are opened to his rapacity. This theory *may* be correct, for profligate politicians are often unwilling instruments, in the hand of God, for "noble purposes," but if Slavery "dies away," after the manner of the spirit of Liberty among the temporarily dispersed band of Abolitionists at our intervals of refreshment, then it is with reluctance we confess the fear, that those disinterested and philanthropic Texas scrip-holders, who, in their self-forgetful enthusiasm, sacrificed their souls, humanity, and God, to promote this magnificent scheme of benevolence, will yet have the mortification of seeing it fail.

As usual, the "Fair Committee" availed themselves of every opportunity of turning an honest penny for the slave, and furnished "*free*" ice-cream in large quantities; and crowds congregated about the stand, to discuss at one and the same time, the principle of abstinence from slave-produce, and the article manufactured upon those principles. Beneath some giant forest-oak, would gather the *élite* of our anti-slavery youth,—maidens rare, making those shades vocal with Freedom's sound and sentiment, and from the lips of eloquent and early manhood, rang the clarion notes of Freedom's cherished bards. The "bounding tide" of Whittier's fiery verse, and George S. Burleigh's strains of Liberty and Love, were chastely tempered and subdued by Lowell's stream of heaven-drawn thought, that brightly rippled over all.

The audience at the afternoon session, having so swelled in numbers, that the place, which is a roomy Quaker meeting-house, failing to accommodate it, the benches were removed to the shade of some noble trees, in the rear of the building, the speakers mounted a carriage for a stand, while every description of vehicle was drawn within hearing distance, affording commodious seats, and adding to the general effect of this *unique* assemblage. Doubtless the nerves of the London Broad-Street Committee would have been much disordered, had they seen Lucretia Mott, or Sarah Pugh, Charles C. Burleigh, or Adin Ballou, perched upon a carriage wheel, balancing their persons and their periods with equal grace and dexterity. Pennsylvania abolitionism, however, is of a less artificial growth. It knows no etiquette, but the etiquette of free thoughts, eloquent sentiments, and earnest deeds. Of these latter, we had abundance from the above-mentioned speakers.

Among several resolutions reported by the Business Committee the following morning, was one which placed the consumer of slave-grown produce upon a level with the supporters of pro-slavery churches, parties, and governments, and affirmed the comparative impotency of all disunion action which did not include this important branch of anti-slavery duty.

I have never known so prolonged and so animated a discussion on this topic in our society before, though we are noted for our habitual proneness to give a prominence to this duty, which its comparative merits do not warrant. Its discussion quickly opened up the whole question of Principle, *versus* Expediency, and, for a time, threatened to involve us in a theological disputation, entirely foreign to the resolution under discussion. Thomas Earle was present, and avowed himself a recipient of the philosophy of expediency, contending that no man of common sense was guided by abstract principles of right;—these were "airy nothings" of the imaginations of poetical young men and women,—the *ignis fatuus* of our visionary moments,—pleasant sights enough seen in the dim twilight of speculation, but we should be fools, indeed, to give them pursuit, with the hope of ultimately grasping them. His remarks were very *uncommon-sensical*, notwithstanding common sense is the hobby he rides, and, I had almost said, the God he worships. He closed the expression of his views upon this question by a quotation from Dugald Stewart, which gave conscience the rightful decision in all cases where judgment conflicted with its dictates, thus contradicting his starting positions, and eating his own words. Benjamin Webb, of Wilmington, Delaware, and one or two others, united in the same views; but this dreary faith found little countenance from the meeting at large, and Thomas Earle could seek nowhere else for sympathy in these Atheistic sentiments, with less success, than among that tried band, that fifteen years' devotion to God and Freedom has confirmed in the glorious belief, that there are immutable principles of right and wrong. Mary Grew replied in one of the happiest efforts of her gifted mind. Her remarks were earnest, clear, and eloquent, and she met Thomas Earle's insidious assault upon our cardinal principles, by replying to his charges of the inconsistency of Disunionists, with a candour that entirely disarmed her opponent. She said, that in the language of Wendell Phillips, she "would rather be covered all over with inconsistencies, than lower her principles one jot or tittle." Her remarks, which were followed by those of J. Toohey, of Philadelphia, and C. C. Burleigh, produced the happiest effect upon all present, even Thomas Earle himself, for he urged his views no farther. The discussion upon this topic took a wide range, and assumed a very interesting aspect, yet all parties seemed to see the danger of extending it too far, and wisely returned to the consideration of more pressing questions. Among these was a resolution exposing the Mexican war, and another, censuring C. M. Clay for his mournful desertion of our cause, and hearty espousal of that war.

Thomas Earle opposed the first of these in the most vehement and excited manner, declaring the *present war to be one of the most just wars in the annals of human events*—quoting innumerable statements of the wretched condition of Mexico—the tyranny of her priests and rulers—the oppression of her masses—the degradation of moral character, and imbecility of intellect which characterizes the populace, and their willingness to throw off the yoke of domestic bondage, and receive the protection, and benefits of the Anglo-Saxon Government. He would allow scarcely any difference between our slaves and the Mexican serfs, contending that the very men who had abolished Slavery, were persecuted by the Government, which, being pro-slavery at heart, only needed *power* to re-establish that institution. He asserted that the Whigs were opening their eyes to the benefits of this war, and proved it by the fact that so eager were their inquiries for just information of the real state of Mexico, that of twelve or fourteen works upon that country, belonging to the Philadelphia Library Committee, he was unable to obtain a single copy—every one being out!! With such facts and such logic he proved the Whigs to be false to their principles.

The Whigs are bad enough, we freely admit; they have not only broken their pledges of disunion in case of Texan Annexation, but now, when the darling policy of their party has been struck down with the haughty indifference of a Turkish despot's will, instead of shaking this blood-cemented Union with the thunder-sound of REPEAL, they merely bristle with a gentle indignation, and talk of retaliating with "a generous measure of resentment."

We will not defend the pusillanimity of the Whigs, but this shall not screen the enormous turpitude of the (so called) Democratic party. The fact is, Thomas Earle does not wish that party to receive their deserts at the hands of uncompromising Abolitionists, and for several weeks past he has been making extensive researches into the abuses of the late and present Mexican Administrations. His industry has brought to light a mass of valuable information, but which like the apples of Sodom, have turned to ashes upon his lips. He *knows* that, however, desirable a reformation of Mexican politics may be, two wrongs never make a right, and our unparalleled invasion is utterly without excuse. Can we wonder at the course of C. M. Clay, when men like Thomas Earle defend the Mexican war? If he who has had an Anti-Slavery education—enjoyed the society of enlightened and true-hearted Abolitionists, for years, and is gifted with a very superior intellect, can honestly hold the Mexican invasion to be "*one of the most just wars recorded in*

human annals," certainly a thick mantle of charity should be thrown over the mis-steps of C. M. Clay, and I think we did right in refusing to pass the resolution of condemnation upon that gentleman before we make some expression of censure upon a more culpable delinquent standing on our very threshholds.

The last day of our meeting was devoted to business, and a large amount was satisfactorily disposed of. Several forms of petitions were adopted to Congress and the State Legislature. A large committee, male and female, appointed to co-operate with the Fair Committee, and the report from Connecticut adopted, together with the disposal of other local matters. James Saunders, son of Hon. Romulus Saunders, of North Carolina, brought a letter from H. I. Bowditch, of Boston, recommending him to our sympathy and attention.

He addressed the meeting, giving in a methodical manner, his past history and future prospects. I have not the room or time to relate these, but they are deeply interesting, and must shortly appear if you are not already in possession of them. He is now on his way to his native State, where he expects to establish a paper, to be called the Southern Herald of Freedom, with the mottos "*Humanity First, Everything Afterwards*"—and "*My Country is the World—My Countrymen are all Mankind.*" We shall hail his advent with breathless interest.

M. S. S.

LETTER FROM DAVID WAITE.

DENMARK, Lewis-Co. N. Y.
5th mo. 6th, 1846.

FRIEND GAY,—I take so much interest in the holy cause of abolition, that I shall attempt to convey a few thoughts to thee on the true state of things.

1st. It is a truth, that about three millions of slaves are held in a cruel state of bondage and oppression.

2d. The whole power and force of this nation is at this time engaged to perpetuate the unholy cause of Slavery.

3d. The power and policy of the slaveholders have driven the present administration to form an unholy alliance with Texas! and to tarnish the honour and glory of the American people with an unholy WAR WITH MEXICO!

4th. We are, therefore, as a nation, incurring the daily expense of nearly half a million! For what? but to glut the feelings of the pro-slavery party that rules this people. As these slave-breeders want more room to plant on, they must rob Mexico at a great expense, and make the North pay that expense. How long will the North sleep under Southern eloquence?

5th. Is there any redeeming principle left in the free States at the North? In what does it consist? The South are all united, and resolved to have Southern men nominated with all of the sound principles of the South. And if a Northern man is the nominee, he must have a Southern soul and principles, or he cannot get any Southern support.

6th. Then all of the efforts of the Abolitionists and the pro-slavery parties, tend directly to dissolve the union between the North and the South. And that which is left to be done, is to cut asunder the few fractured bonds that hold us together.

7th. Then all party distinctions will be lost in two great parties, of North and South. The measures taken by the pro-slavery party at present is calculated to hasten the growth of these two great parties; and to hasten the emancipation of the slaves. Everything that is now in motion tends to this, as directly as the waters flow to the ocean from a thousand hills.

8th. I can see for dissolving the Union! We can come! 1. The labour of the Whigs and Locos tends to it. 2. The labours of the abolition party in politics tend to it; and lastly, the non-resistant Abolitionists all tend to it.

I feel desirous, therefore, that every one that has light and truth should let it shine both by actions as well as words; that the North may be redeemed from the yoke that the slave-drivers have compelled them to wear.

It is for the want of light and truth on the subject of Southern policy and Slavery, that the Union has continued thus far. If the whole North knew just how they have been ruled and plundered by the South, they would never cast another vote for a Southern man. Therefore, Friend Gay, thou canst see that every one that is enlightening the North on the subject of Southern policy and Slavery, is dissolving the Union.

9th. But the light and truth will prevail, and error and oppression will cease as the light and truth advance. Mind must act upon mind, in order to redeem the people from error and oppression, and place the truth within the reach of all. I cannot close without breathing a sigh to heaven that a blessing may attend the labours of love that are now making for all.

DAVID WAITE.

Anti-War Meeting.

Arrangements have been made to hold an Anti-War meeting at WILLIAMSON, Wayne county, on TUESDAY, AUGUST 25th, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. and to continue through the day and evening.

The citizens of Wayne and the adjacent counties are earnestly invited to be present. The times demand wise council and combined effort.

war against Mexico—a war of unprovoked *aggression*; in open violation not only of every principle of justice and humanity, but contrary to the laws of civilized or pagan nations,—a war in its inception, prosecution and design of unparalleled atrocity and unutterable infamy,—a war to "lengthen the cords and strengthen the stakes" of human bondage. "Our feet are red with the blood of the Indian,—and our hands have forged the negro's chain." Our nation is drunk with human blood and reels to ruin.

The United States has waged an unjust and iniquitous Corruption flows over our land like a mighty flood. Our Government is prostituted to the basest purposes of oppression—the press teems with unblushing advocacy of conquest and murder and calls it "*patriotism*,"—the pulpit is either criminally silent, or wickedly acquiescing in robbery and wrong—and Atheism in priestly garb stalking over the land insults high Heaven with its bold hypocrisy.

"Boys and girls
And women, that would groan to see a child
Pull off an insect's leg, all read of war,
The best amusement for our morning meal!
The poor wretch, who has learned his only prayers
From curses, who knows scarcely words enough
To ask a blessing from his Heavenly Father,
Becomes a fluent phraseman, absolute,
And technical in victories and defeats,
And all on DAINTY *terms for* FRATICIDE;
Terms which we trundle smoothly o'er our tongues,
Like mere abstractions, empty sounds, to which
We join no feeling and attach no form!
As if the soldier died without a wound;
As if the hores of this godlike frame
Were gored without a pang; as if the wretch,
Who fell in battle, doing bloody deeds,
Passed off to Heaven, translated and not killed:
As though he had no wife to pine for him,
No God to judge him! THEREFORE, EVIL DAYS
ARE COMING ON US, O, MY COUNTRYMEN!"

Let us come together, then, one and all, ere it be too late, and do what we can to stay the desolating tide.

CHARLES LENOX REMOND of Massachusetts, and many other able speakers will be present to take part in the discussions and deliberations.

"Prayer-strengthened for the trial, come together,
Put on the harness for the moral fight.
And with the blessing of your Heavenly Father,
MAINTAIN THE RIGHT!"

J. C. HATHAWAY.

FARMINGTON, 8th mo. 1846.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1846.

The Standard.

Our new subscribers perhaps do not understand that we have a number of contributors to the editorial columns of the Standard. Our list is not yet full, nor our plans entirely matured; so soon, however, as these arrangements are completed, we shall be enabled to acquaint our readers with precisely what they may expect for the future. In the meantime they will rest assured that some one or more of the contributors, who have been already named, are writing for every number of the paper.

The Royal Pedigree.

Let those who will, claim gentle birth
And take their pride in Norman blood,
The purest ancestry on earth
Must find its spring in Adam's mud;
And all, though noble now or base,
From the same level took their rise,
And, side by side, in loving grace,
Leaped, crystal-clear, from Paradise.

We are no spawn of bartered love,
That's wedded to the heart with gold,
Put on as lightly as a glove,
As lightly doffed, scarce three days old,—
A love that marries lands to lands,
The passion of two title-deeds,
That loosely rivets two cold hands
And idler heirs to idlers breeds.

Large-limbed, the friend of sun and air,
Its sinewy arms with labour brown;
With glad, strong soul that seemed to wear
Its human nature like a crown,
Such was the love from which we sprang,
A love clear-hearted as the morn,
Which through life's toils and troubles sang
Like a tall reaper 'mid the corn.

Life lay before us bare and broad
To conquer with two hands alone,—
But we had faith in man and God
And proudly claimed our Father's throne;
We made our vassal of the Now,
And, from its want and woe and wrong,
Our hearts rose lightly as a bough
From which a bird hath soared in song.

Among our sires no high-born chief
Freckled his hands with peasant-gore,
No spurred and coronetted thief
Set his mailed heel upon the floor;
No, we are come of nobler line
With larger heart within the breast,
Large heart by suffering made divine,—
We draw our lineage from the Oppressed.

Not from the sceptred brutes who reigned,
But from the humble souls who bore,
And so a Godlike patience gained,
Which, suffering much, could suffer more,
Which learned forgiveness, and the grace
That cometh of a bended knee,—
From martyrs such as these we trace
Our Royal genealogy.

There's not a great soul gone before
That is not numbered in our clan,
[illegible]
All hero-spirits plain and grand
Who for the Ages ope the door,
All Labour's dusty monarchs stand
Among the children of the poor.

Let others boast of ancestors
Who handed down some idle right
To stand beside their tyrant's horse
Or buckle his spurs before the fight;
We, too, have our ancestral claim
Of marching ever in the van,
Of giving ourselves to steel and flame
Where aught's to be achieved for man.

And is not this a family-tree
Worth keeping fair from age to age?
Was ever such an ancestry
Gold-blazoned on the herald's page?
In dear New England let us still
Maintain our race and title pure,
The men and women of heart and will,
The monarchs who ENDURE. J. R. L.

ELMWOOD, June, 1846.

Political Miss Nancys.

If there is anything particularly revolting in a politician, it is that gentlemanly kind of worthlessness, which, for the lack of a more damning epithet, is called by men of the world, Miss Nancyism. There is hardly any degree of vileness which may not be pardoned to a politician. He is expected to be treacherous, time-serving, and selfish; he may betray his friends, embezzle the public funds, and prove recreant to his own professions; yet he may be a bankrupt in his private affairs, a tyrant in his family, and a violator of the decencies of society, yet remain a good politician. Such men have been Senators, Ambassadors, and Judges, and will be again; but the political Miss Nancy, being neither good nor bad, hot nor cold, is spewed out of the mouth of all parties, like the Laodiceans. The young Whigs of Massachusetts, judging of them by what we have seen in their organ, the Boston Whig, appear to be affected by the disease of Miss Nancyism to a most intolerable degree of nauseousness. Their brave words seem to come from very weak stomachs. No doubt it requires a degree of courage which we are wholly unable to appreciate, for a Boston Whig to say his soul is his own in the presence of such magnificos as Abbot Lawrence and Robert C. Winthrop; therefore we have not been struck dumb by the heroism of the young Whigs in intimating to these gentlemen that they are not altogether what they have been cracked up to be. That which has stirred up our bile is the air of fearful respect with which these gentlemen have been addressed, and the seeming dread of the young Whigs to be thought rough and radical, or indifferent to the social worth of those mighty men.

The Whig proves, conclusively enough, in an article replying to the censure of one of its coadjutors, that Mr. Winthrop had been guilty of a foul political offence, that he had sanctioned a prodigious falsehood, but frightened at its temerity, it immediately adds:

"Let us now set ourselves right as regards Mr. Winthrop himself. Personally we have always entertained a high regard for him, and up to a certain moment held the most unbounded confidence in his public character also. This confidence has been deeply shaken by his acts of the last twelve months, but it is shaken only as it respects his moral qualities to go on in a public career. When we affirm, therefore, that he has set his name to a public national falsehood, we do not mean to be supposed in any degree to imply that his honour as an individual is not as clear as it ever was, or that in his private capacity he would ever be guilty of such an act as want of truth."

Such reasoning as this quite transcends our comprehension. The Whig evidently believes in human dualism. "Mr. Winthrop *himself*," and Mr. Winthrop "as an individual," are perhaps terms used in a Pickwickian sense. The Whig cannot believe that Mr. Winthrop himself would be guilty of uttering a very gross falsehood, and betraying the rights of twenty millions of his fellow-beings, because Mr. Winthrop is one of our first men, and a personal friend, so when he is guilty of such enormous wickedness he is certainly considered to be somebody besides nimself, namely, a member of Congress; and although he proves himself a scoundrel in that capacity, "his honour as an individual, is as dear as it ever was." It is to such Miss Nancyism as this that we are indebted for the reverse of the proposition; that a man may be a scoundrel in private, but immaculate in public; and that a man who is honest in both relations is considered a phenomenon. Such monstrous folly as this, although it is as common as the cant of religious professors, is too monstrous even for the man who utters it, as he confesses in the next sentence:

"We thought we had guarded our language sufficiently to avoid misconception on this point. What we object to in his course is, that he evidently thinks that another code of morals will answer for him as a public man from that which binds him in private. We think this to be most unsound in principle, and sometimes, as in this instance, to lead to consequences fatal to the consistency of our public men. And when we do think so, we shall take the liberty to say so, with perfect deference, be it observed, to the monatory tone of the Daily Advertiser. We shall continue to sustain Whig principles, and the public men who truly represent them."

But still he goes on professing the highest regard for Mr. Winthrop, and protesting the impossibility of that highly respectable and influential gentleman's committing any act in private which would sully his honour. Truly, we were ignorant, until we read this article in the Whig, that Mr. Winthrop occupied so high a position in Massachusetts, or that his influence was so great. It may be all true, and probably is, but if so, why then it is all the more disgraceful to the model State, and the sooner that he is shorn of his influence the better. For our own individual taste in such matters, we would infinitely prefer to be called a private scoundrel and a public man of honor, but if Mr. Winthrop and the young Whigs have a preference for the reverse, we shall not quarrel with them. *Chacun à son goût.*

The Whig avows a determination to uphold Whig men, and Whig principles, but we are very curious to see its definition of Whiggery; for it appears to be at swords'-points with all the accredited organs of Whiggism in the country. The truth probably is that the young Whigs have a wish to be Abolitionists and Disunionists, but they cannot afford to relinquish the profits and *eclat* of politics. They have not sufficient stamina to act according to the convictions of their consciences. They are political Jonahs, and in the end they will be thrown overboard by their own party, and after being swallowed by the Leviathan Anti-Slavery, will be again spewed upon dry land. Poor innocents. They remind us of Charles Lamb's friend, who wanted to be a tailor, but had n't the spirit.

Letter from Liberia.

We have received by a late arrival a file of the *Liberia Herald*, with dates to the middle of June. We always look over these papers with considerable interest, as it is amusing to glean from them the condition of this little bantling of the Colonization Society, on the coast of Africa. The Colonizationists at the North represent that through it they are to civilize and evangelize that benighted continent, and to do something in the same way for this country by abolishing Slavery and shipping off all the coloured people. At the South they maintain that Slavery will be rendered secure by keeping open this outlet for emancipated slaves and free negroes. Both pretensions are equally ridiculous. The poor little colony can hardly keep itself from starving to death, and half a dozen ship-loads of immigrants would inevitably ruin it. Some extracts from the *Herald* may be acceptable to our readers.

The *Herald*, of June 18th, announces the arrival of the barque "Chatham," of Boston. It was quite a providential event. "We were alarming slim," says the *Herald*, "in the provision line, and some melancholic individuals had already experienced a famine. The supply by this arrival, has, we are happy to say, dispelled their fears and restored them to cheerfulness." We learn age, and is cut loose from the parent society.

By this vessel we have also received dispatches from the Board of Managers of the American Colonization Society of surpassing importance and interest to all concerned for the welfare of the colony. The event to which the projectors of the scheme of African Colonization looked—the event, the hope of which has cheered the heart, and strengthened the hands of those who have laboured hard for the colony has at length arrived. In a word, the American Colonization Society has resigned the authority with which it was temporarily invested by the colonists for special and defined purposes, and yielded all authority up to the people. At the present time, we do not feel ourself either authorized or competent to go into particulars—we merely announce the fact, with the intention of recurring to it at no distant day.

Liberia seems inclined to follow the example of the mother-country by annexing some of the territory of her neighbours. A Mr. Brown was the Envoy Extraordinary chosen to make this acquisition. The Herald thus announces his success in an April paper:

As Mr. Brown was hourly expected we delayed the publication of our paper, to be able to announce that he has been successful in purchasing territory beyond the most sanguine expectations. His purchase commences at Sanguin, on the Northwest, and terminates at Grande Cestos on the Southwest. This is a most valuable acquisition, and gives us, with the exception of one or two very small and unimportant points, an unbroken line of coast of between sixty and seventy miles. There are within these limits some very fine rivers—one navigable for large vessels up to the most eligible site for a settlement; and Baffou Bay is perhaps as handsome a place as is to be found on the coast. The following are among the sites purchased: Baddon, Little Cestos, Drou, Wappou, Batton, Little Kroo, Nanna Kroo, Tassou, and Baffou Bay.

They are not equally successful, however, with their great exemplar, as we learn by the following letter to the Liberia authorities:

Her British Majesty' Sloop Lily,
off Grand Basso, March 28th, 1846.

GENTLEMEN—I have the honour to inform you that a representation has been laid before the British Commodore and senior officer in command of her Britannic majesty's vessels on the western coast of Africa, that certain parties under the Government of Liberia have lately purchased, and are about to possess themselves of certain trade towns, the property of British merchants, legally transferred to them by a deed of agreement.

I am directed by my Commodore to give intimation to the local authorities that they must refrain from any improper act towards British subjects or their property, or else be prepared to incur very serious consequences.

I have the honour to be, gentlemen,
Your most obd't. servant,
H. NEWTON, *Commander.*

To the local Liberian authorities, Grand Bassa.

The *Herald*, of a later date has a leader which we understand refers to this difficulty between the two powers of Great Britain and Liberia. It abounds with flourishes which the editor has evidently learned from the patriotic papers of this country. But he evidently thinks that discretion is the better part of valour. He says:

We are told by the servants of Her British Majesty's Government, and we presume they are authorized to do so—that we must assume another position. This command must be obeyed—it is from a power whose resources to compel submission are universally admitted to be full and ample; and every mandate issuing from this high authority must receive immediate attention unless they to whom it is issued, are in a condition to resist oppression.

The colony, however, has received some promises from its "patrons" in the United States that a course shall be speedily adopted to place them "in a position as to effectuately obviate the difficulties they have been threatened with." Precisely what the "patrons" propose to do does not appear. Advices it is said, are hourly expected.

On the Slave-Trade, we find the following paragraphs:

DONE UP.—The Slave-Trade about here is breathing its last gasp. The British cruisers have so closely invested these dens of blood and death, that the slavers find it impossible to send off their victims. The slavers at the Gallinas have given up their slaves to the natives, and some of them, we have been informed are waiting with impatience an opportunity to quit the coast. Those at New Cestos, making a virtue of necessity, have embarked in the palm-oil trade. Success to this branch of their business.

The road to the interior is at length opened, and a large number of bullocks has been brought in, and more are said to be on the way. No reliance, however, is to be placed upon this trade, as its continuance depends wholly upon the state of the market for slaves. The points in the vicinity of the colonial jurisdiction where the trade is carried on, are now so closely watched by British and American cruisers, that the slavers find it impossible to get their cargoes off. Their baracoons are already full to overflowing, and they refuse to increase their number. There being in consequence no demand for slaves—there is no inducement for the natives to make war on each other. Hence they turn their attention to some other pursuit. Let the baracoons be once emptied and the demand for slaves once opened, and immediately the trade in bullocks will fall off, and the natives will return doglike to their old business of catching and selling. While the United States keep a squadron on this coast, the trade will be almost entirely repressed, but if the squadron be once withdrawn, the trade will revive with its wonted activity.

We don't know whether the trade in bullocks depends upon the discontinuance of the Slave-Trade, but we are very certain that the trade in men will exist so long as there is any demand for the human cattle. All the squadrons that will ever be sent to the coast of Africa will not suppress the Slave-Trade so long as Slavery continues on this continent, and the adjacent islands. And if the Liberians wish the United States to keep a fleet there, they will be sure to defeat their object if they hold out as an inducement the suppression of the trade. That is just the thing which our good masters do not choose to do. They fear that if the supply is cut off before some of her neighbours are well stocked, that they will be obliged to abolish Slavery, which is precisely the thing they do not want. They wish to be kept in countenance in a system upon which nearly the whole civilized world is already pouring out its maledictions.

We may mistake the object of telling the following story, but it seems to us not exactly in accordance with the missionary spirit which is to convert Africa, and abolish the Slave-Trade, wherever its influence is extended. For our part, we do not exactly see why the "upstart," who had grown rich, should not send to his former master, who had become poor, to come and build him a house, supposing always that this scion of royalty knew how to build a house. There may be a concealed sarcasm in the *Herald's* manner, but it seems rather to savor of the doctrine of the divine right of Kings, and the right of every man to "larrup his own nigger."

PRESUMPTION.

The late King Kobah, of Little Bassa, had a great number of slaves. He died, and of course they became the property of his sons as their patrimony. There is a good deal of a certain kind of magnanimity in his sons, and they suffered the slaves to go at large, claiming no property in, or service from them. The slaves prospered. The property of the sons melted away. One of the slaves especially, became wealthy in the Bassa sense of that term. This man resolved to build him a large and fine house. Forgetting what he had been—and forgetting also, how completely and totally his services, and life too, were at the disposal of others, should they think proper to resume their rights, the upstart sent for Zovle, the eldest son of the departed monarch, to come and build his house. Zovle promptly responded that he would be there in three days. On the set day Zovle presented himself before his former menial, and said—I come now for build your house: and as he finished the sentence he poured the whole contents of a well-charged musket in the breast of the ill-starred slave: then turning directly on his heel, he retraced his steps home.

Here is another story which breathes the same spirit. If it was "presumption" deserving of death in Zovle's slave to send for his old master to build him a house, what was the deserts of Johnson, who presumed to steal the cassado of his former servant? We cannot exactly see what right the white man had to the fruits of the labour of the native. The "ungenerous heathen" acted very much after the fashion that obtains in older settlements, and among Christian people:

A most shocking murder was perpetrated in the vicinity of Marshall, a few days ago, of which we have gleaned the following particulars.

Mr. E. S. Johnson, a resident of Marshall, started to go some little distance up the river on business. He stopped on the way to get provisions, and went on to the farm of a native whom he redeemed from the slaver's baracoon when quite a child, and whom he had raised. He ordered his boys to dig a few cassado, which the ungenerous heathen forbade. Johnson persisted—the native declared he would shoot him if he interfered with sado was dug, and Johnson and his canoe men started for the canoe. Just before he reached the landing a gun was fired from the covert of the bushes, and Johnson received the whole load in his breast. The natives who accompanied him left him and ran to a country town near by. Johnson ran in the direction of the canoe. Intelligence was speedily conveyed to Marshall. A party of men repaired at once to the scene of the murder, and found the body near the canoe at the bottom of the river.

The villain has absconded and is said to have sought refuge behind the mountain. The Governor has issued a proclamation offering a liberal reward for his apprehension and delivery to the authorities.

The intelligence from "sister Wilkins's" school is not at all favourable. Either Providence did not have so much to do in sending the captives of the "Pons" to Liberia, where they were parcelled out as servants to the colonists, instead of being sent to their homes, or allowed to follow their own inclinations, or else their conduct has been a most unpardonable flying in the face of Providence and sister Wilkins. We can't help thinking that not liking the short commons, the two suits a year, and the plenty of work which fell to their lot among these self-denying missionaries, they only did what was to be expected,—preferred their natural freedom to the advantages which sister Wilkins and her neighbors held out to them. The *Herald* says:

It is supposed that at least one-third of the Congoes brought here in the "Pons," and apprenticed, are in the "bush." They have taken unceremonious leave, and lurking in hordes on the outskirts of the settlements are committing most fearful depredations on the few cassado and potatoes which the people have in the ground. Indeed they are said to have threatened personal violence to Americans whom they have met in their predatory rambles.

Worse things, indeed, than these are said about them. A report was current at Liberia, that they had caught and *eaten* the Postman and Postmaster—for he seems to fill both offices—Harris, and that nothing was left of him but his head, which was found on the beach. Happily the story turns out to be untrue, and the head and legs of Harris were both still active in the service of the people of Great and Little Bassa, at the last accounts. But who can conceive of the feelings of "sister Wilkins" when such things could be supposed possible of her providential pupils? They were "ungrateful heathen," indeed, or else they must have carried away with them a very unfavorable impression of the hospitality of the missionaries, and the value of the *letters* of the schools, to be liable to the suspicion of having eaten a Postmaster.

We find nothing else of interest in the *Herald*. These extracts, however, we think will give our readers a good idea of the flourishing state and moral condition of the colony of Liberia, and the benefits of colonization.

The Wesleyans.

"Resolved, That we will still maintain the high ground that we have taken on the subject of Slavery, and all other questions of moral reform, without relaxing in the least our moral and political action on those subjects; *we nevertheless recommend to all our brethren to be wise and prudent in their manner of treating those subjects, as also in the selection of the most proper occasions for the bringing them before the people; remembering that it is our great business to preach Jesus Christ and him crucified.*"

The above resolution was offered by Orange Scott, and passed at a late meeting of the Rochester Conference. It was passed, too, after a series of excellent Anti-Slavery resolutions were offered and *laid upon the table.* Such a resolution could be accepted without doubt by any Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church north of Mason & Dixon's line; and if the testimony of the Wesleyans is to consist of such twaddle as this talk of "wisdom and prudence," and this religious cant—in this connection—out of which the professedly pro-slavery Church is almost shamed, by what right do they assume to be *the* Anti-Slavery Church? We are glad to see, however, by the *True Wesleyan*, that this resolution is exciting some dissatisfaction among the brethren, though Scott has warm defenders.

The *Wesleyan*, by the bye, had an article on this paper some weeks since, which we have neglected to notice as it required no particular answer. We have stated, and repeat the assertion, that that paper was careful to avoid all controversy on the subject of the World's Convention. To our several articles on the pro-slavery character of that Convention, and the position in which, of necessity, Orange Scott would stand in it, the Wesleyan has not seen fit to reply. Now, to-be-sure, when it is certain that the money to pay Scott's expenses to England cannot be raised, the Wesleyan is very ready to enter upon a discussion. It is true that paper copied, as we requested the card of some of the clergymen of the Church South, but it was very careful not only not to copy, but not to intimate to its readers, our reasons for wishing that document should be laid before them. The *Wesleyan* may be assured that we are ready to make the "*amende honorable,*" whenever we believe ourselves to have been in the wrong, but in the present case we certainly have no apology to make.

Slavery in California.

We mentioned last week, just as our paper was going to press, that the bill, granting $2,000,000 to Mr. Polk, to negotiate with Mexico, had passed the House of Representatives at Washington, but with a proviso, that should California be secured by this Government, Slavery should be prohibited in that territory. Further particulars at that time had not reached us. We give now the proviso:

"*Provided*, That, as an express and fundamental condition of the acquisition of any territory from the Republic of Mexico by the United States, by virtue of any treaty which may be negotiated between them, and to the use by the Executive of the moneys herein appropriated, *neither Slavery nor involuntary servitude shall ever exist in any part of said territory*, except for crime, whereof the party shall first be duly convicted."

Here it is not simply California whercin Slavery is to be prohibited, but "*any territory*" that should be acquired. The general understanding, however, seems to be that California only was meant. The North seems ready to acquiesce in the *re*-establishment of Slavery by the United States Government in all that district of country, between the Nueces and the Rio Grande, and even beyond, should such, as no doubt it will, be *acquired*—*stolen*, were the better word—to which Texas has no more right than the czar of Russia. The object of the war has been to acquire this territory for the purpose of establishing Slavery in it, as a dependency of the slavocracy, and the North, in or out of Congress, dare not thwart them in their darling project. An ulterior object of the war, however, is also the acquisition of California. It would be worse than useless to the dominant power without slaves. They will have it, and they will not have it without Slavery. But this was more than is in the bond. Even Mr. Winthrop, who has become one of the most pliant tools of the South, could not vote for this. Slavery is already prohibited in California by law, though it no doubt exists there in fact. But if it become a part of the United States, to enslave a man there would be contrary to law, under even our slaveholding Constitution. If the system existed at all it must be in spite of law, or because it was specially established by the Legislature of the United States. But the opposition could not trust our Government to maintain this obvious principle of common law, or the principles of the Constitution. They know that the Government, in obedience to the slave-power, would establish Slavery, unless specially prohibited by the previous action of Congress, and hence the proviso. It is a most significant proof of what the character of the United States Government is, and entirely in keeping with its course since the revolution in Texas was commenced under the auspices of Andrew Jackson.

The bill, however, was defeated in the Senate. The South having a preponderance now in that body, through the Texan representation, it was feared by the Northern Senators that the proviso would have been voted down. We do not doubt that it would have been. Mr. Davis, of Massachusetts, calculating well the temper of the Senate, spoke against time on the motion of Mr. Lewis, of Alabama, to strike out the objectionable feature of the proviso, and the bill therefore was not the hour of adjournment, and the bill therefore was not acted upon.

The *Union* is furious against Mr. Davis for thus defeating the bill. No doubt the slave-Senators, and the Senator-slaves were confident that they would have it all their own way, and that the bill would be carried without the proviso. Had they not been sure of this, they would never have been willing to have risked a vote upon it, and would have thanked Mr. Davis for taking the trouble off their hands of defeating the bill. This would not, and will not prevent Mr. Polk from carrying on the negotiation with Mexico, and in any event California would be acquired, and the question whether Slavery should exist there be still an open one, more easily settled afterward. The South is left now just where she likes to be. California will become a Territory of the United States, and Slavery will become the law of the land. She wills it, and she will have it so, and the North cannot, or dare not help herself.

John A. Collins.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that our old friend, and the faithful friend of the Anti-Slavery cause, has recently started a Whig paper in Dayton, Ohio, of which he is the editor. Those who have hitherto complained of him as being too ultra in his notions, will, we trust, be satisfied with his present position. For our own part, we only wish that he had not gone back quite so far, but had assumed the truly conservative attitude of the American Anti-Slavery Society. However, we trust yet to see him, where he ought to be, and where few have done so much service as himself,—namely, by the side of his old friends, the old organized Abolitionists. We copy the following article from his paper, the Daytonian:

OURSELVES.

The ways of Providence are mysterious. Results are brought about, and changes produced, by causes beyond the ken of man. As we take a retrospect of our own course, we are filled with admiration for that Providence which holds and governs the destiny of all things. Up to 1837, we were a Whig. At that date we left the Whig party. We left all political institutions. We renounced our belief in the rightful existence of human governments. We regarded them as at war with the laws of God, the teachings and spirit of Christianity, and the practices of the Apostles. Strongly imbued with feelings of sympathy for the poor, the afflicted, and the oppressed, we espoused most heartily, the cause of the slave, the inebriate, and the toiling, labouring masses—With a zeal and energy peculiar to ourselves, we pressed these questions upon others, for their consideration, approval, and adoption.

Time passed on, and we were recognized a confirmed sceptic. We cherished, as in the first days of our Christian love, a profound admiration and respect for the holy precepts and principles of the Saviour. It was with us, during the whole period we were left to grope in darkness, at all times, our highest ambition to reduce them to practice. While we clothed Nature with the Christain attributes, we denied the authority and divinity of their Author. We worshipped at the shrine of Reason. We listened to her oracles. We were led astray. We disbelieved in a divine and special Providence, in a revelation of God to man. We forsook God, but, thanks to His name, he forsook not us. His hand supported us, and His right hand led us.

In process of time, we became fully imbued with the doctrine of a Community of Property. Faithful to our convictions, and determined at all hazards to follow them and to live the true life, we resolved, against the most urgent and solemn protests of our friends, at the sacrifice of our money, our health, our comfort and that of a feeble wife, and many helpless children, to reduce them to practice. We had no more doubt of their truthfulness and practicability, of the rightfulness of our own course, than of our present existence. We secured a domain. We gathered a small multitude upon it. We established a community upon the principles of a community of goods; upon the no-government or non-resistance principle; upon the largest liberty; upon the broadest principles of democratic equality. With a faithful and honest trial of nearly three years, we were compelled to renounce the principles we entertained, both in relation to governments, and religion, and society, as false in theory and pernicious in their practical tendencies.

They might, so far as governments are concerned, do very well if men were angels, and angels Gods: but human nature is too low, too selfish, too ignorant for relations so exalted.

With the same earnest desire to promote the great cause of virtue, equality, temperance, freedom, and the brotherhood of mankind, we seek to co-operate with the two great institutions—the conservators of man's earthly and heavenly interests—Religion and Government—the institutions which in the folly of our wisdom we had cast aside. For nearly ten years we devoted ourselves, the very best of our days, to works of philanthropy. Less than a year since, finding our schemes for benefiting the world to be worse than useless, to bring about the same results, we identified ourselves again with the Whig party.

We think we bring to our present position a most valuable experience; an experience to us worth more than all the untried theories extant. In uniting our interest with that of the Whig party, we by no means regard it as perfect. Human institutions from their origin have in themselves the seeds of imperfection. We regard it, however, as based upon a practical and comprehensive view of man, of human nature and human institutions, and capable, as far as human infirmities will admit of spreading its broad arms of protection around society, and uniting, in harmony and fellowship, its extremes. Believing this, we shall give it most cordially, our feeble assistance.

We take the liberty of copying the following extract from a letter from a gentleman in Ohio, as it tells a very plain story respecting an incident with which the Emancipator, trusting to the Cleveland Liberty party paper, has endeavoured to excite some feeling against Abby Kelley Foster:

"I presume that you have seen the great injustice done Mr. and Mrs. Foster, respecting the part they took at Madison, on the Fourth of July, by the account published by the editor of the Cleveland American, of July 8th and 15th, and endorsed by Deacon Cunningham; and, as far as the collection was concerned, in another account, published in the Emancipator, of July 15th. These misrepresentations are pretty well corrected by a communication, signed, "A Member of the Ash. County L. A. S. S. and another communication signed by J. W. Walker, the Wesleyan minister of Cleveland city, both published in the Cleveland American, of July 22d. Yet, all the accounts that I have seen respecting the collection, either misrepresent it, or omit some important particulars. The circumstances were these, as I understood them at the time, as near as I can now recollect. Father Keep, the first speaker in the forenoon, spoke of Torrey's martyrdom. In the afternoon, probably about 4 o'clock, or after, while Mr. Foster (by special invitation) was speaking to a strong Anti-Mexican War phalanx, furnished by the ladies, the marshal observed that it would be necessary to interrupt the speaker, to take up a collection, to defray some $30 expenses attending the meeting, and if there should be any more collected than was necessary for that object, they proposed to apply it for the benefit of Mrs. Torrey and her children, and named some eight or ten or more persons, living in different parts of the county, to take up the collection. Then Mrs. Foster arose, and said what she did. I will first quote from Mr. Walker's statement:—"Mrs. Foster did not say that Mrs. Torrey had a patrimony of $10,000, but that Mrs. Torrey, some years ago, had an estate left her that was said to be worth $10,000, but whether it was worth that much now, or 10,000 cents, she could not tell. She said that Mrs. Torrey had $2,000, which were collected for her husband, as well as a rich father, a Doctor of Divinity." Mrs. Foster said, in addition, that she had spent a patrimony in the Anti-Slavery cause, and that she then appeared as the representative of the three millions of slaves in the United States, that were extremely poor, and called loudly for help. I believed at the time, and still believe, that Mrs. Foster intended to contrast the circumstances of Mrs. Torrey and family as objects of charity, with the three millions of slaves she always professes to represent, and especially the million and a half of females, exposed, unprotected, to every outrage that can be imagined. And I will ask, was not that a noble object. Mrs. Foster approved of the contribution for the expenses of the meeting, and after the marshal had said a few words, the collection was taken up. I saw several of the men named passing through the congregation, and I, being one of them, took up a small collection, and paid it over as directed. I do not know what the others got.

"[illegible] and fellow-labourer in the cause of the slave,
SILAS PEPOON."

Anti Slavery Meetings.

We have neglected for the last two or three weeks to mention that some excellent Anti-Slavery meetings are in progress among the Abolitionists here. They commenced on the Sunday evening after the First of August, and have continued every Monday evening since. A good feeling seems to be awakened, and we find more who are, and who are disposed to be, Abolitionists, than we had supposed could be found in this city. The meetings thus far have been addressed by several speakers, Wm. T. Allan, Mr. Henson, of Canada, Oliver Johnson, Thomas Van Rensselaer, and others, and have been of great interest. We believe we have got at last in the right place for Anti-Slavery in New-York. The meetings are held in the King street Wesleyan Chapel, near Hudson, and the city readers of the Standard, we hope, will not miss these opportunities of labouring for the slave.

The meeting held on Monday evening last, was adjourned one week, to meet at the same place. The interest is well sustained.

London Yearly Meeting.

We observe in the epistle of the London Yearly Meeting of Friends, to Friends in "Great Britain, Ireland, and elsewhere," the following paragraph. It is all that they condescend to say upon the subject of Slavery. No allusion is made to the epistle of Indiana Friends, nor to the mission to that State:

"We continue to deplore the wide-spread evils of the Slave-Trade and of Slavery. They have for many years deeply interested the feelings of our religious society; and we hear, with sorrow of heart, that they still prevail to a most affecting extent. We, therefore, again press it upon our beloved friends everywhere, to yield their minds to sympathy with the slave, and to a deep concern for the enormities of the traffic in the persons of men, whether on the coast of Africa or elsewhere."

We doubt whether this will arouse the Friends in "elsewhere" to yield their profits in cotton and the carrying-trade.

Book Depository.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement in another column, of the various publications for sale at this office. It embraces all the best works which have been published of late years, and which are still in print. Of some of them there are but a few copies left. An opportunity is thus offered to those who wish to complete their Anti-Slavery libraries, and to those who wish to circulate publications of this character among their neighbours.

Water-Cure Establishment.

Mr. David Ruggles has had a water-cure establishment in operation, on a limited scale, at Bensonville, in this town, for some months past. Encouraged by his success, he has made, and in part, completed, arrangements for the accommodation of a larger number of patients. Individuals in town have advanced $2,000, which is secured in stock in the establishment. Mr. Ruggles has commenced the erection of a building, about 50 by 36 feet, with an ell part, which is calculated for the accommodation of 30 or 40 patients. It is to be completed, we understand, by about October. The supply of water is said to be abundant and good. It is stated that Mr. Ruggles has refused fifty applications to receive patients since the first of January last. If this be true, he will find no difficulty in filling up his house when it is done.

We cheerfully grant a request that has been made us to copy the above paragraph from the Northampton Gazette. To most of our readers David Ruggles needs no introduction. He is well known as one of the earlies and most devoted Abolitionists, and one of those whose remarkable intelligence is fast doing away with the strong prejudice against his race. Of late years he has become almost totally blind, and, as is common, the loss of one sense has only quickened the power of the others. His sense of touch is said to be remarkably acute, so much so that he is enabled, with singular accuracy, to detect the

character of diseases, and the slightest variation in the symptoms of his patients. It is worthy of note, as a sign of the times, that a coloured man is at the head of such an establishment as this in Northampton, and that he commands respect and confidence in a position which he would have been mobbed a few years since for assuming. We are sure our readers generally will be glad to do anything to further his undertaking.

☞ We occasionally receive from a friend in New Orleans, some of the papers of that city, and from a late number of the *Picayune*, we cut the following advertisement. It is a remarkable instance of the sort of men that are sometimes held as slaves. Though a white man, he is called a negro, and though an adept at several trades, and peculiarly apt in the Southern accomplishment of gambling, and perfectly able, with the assistance of his white comrades, to "pluck a pigeon," at the roulette table, or on the race-course, of course he is unable to take care of himself:

Two Hundred Dollars Reward.—Ran away from the subscriber, last November, a white NEGRO MAN, about 35 years old, height about five feet eight or ten inches, blue eyes, has a yellow woolly head, very fair skin, (particularly under his clothes); he has a scar on one or both sides of his jaws, from a fracture, and has a tooth very crooked and twisted on his right lower jaw, from the fracture; he has also an ugly scar on his breast, by a kick from a horse. Said negro man was raised in Columbia, S. C. and is well known by the name of DICK FRAZIER. He was formerly in Edgar's Hotel in that town, and has an extensive acquaintance in this State. He is a good butcher, horse-breaker, house-painter, cook, and white-washer, and a fair shoemaker. He is a card-player, and I think it very likely he has been induced to go off by some of the sporting or rascally gentry of the country. He was lately known to be working on the railroad in Alabama, near Moore's Turn Out, and passed as a white man, by the name of *Jesse Teams*. I will give the above reward for his delivery in any jail so that I can get him; and I will give $500 for sufficient proof to convict, in open court, any man who carried him away.

Barnwell Court House, S. C. J. D. ALLEN.

P. S.—Said man has a good shaped foot and leg, and his foot is very small and hollow. jy 14—3taw3m.

In the same paper, and immediately under the above advertisement, we find another, which we copy only as one of the most common sort, wherein the slave is to be identified by some maim, which is no doubt caused by cruel treatment. It is not often that women, except slave-women, are exposed to the loss of their fingers by accident:

Twenty Dollars Reward.—Absented herself from the subscriber the slave BETSY. The said slave is about 4 feet 9 inches high, speaks French and English, is pock-marked in the face, and *has the last two fingers missing on the right hand*. Any person returning the said slave to the undersigned on St. Mary street, between Magazine and Laurel street, or lodging her in one of the jails of the city, shall receive the above reward. Captains and others are hereby warned against harbouring the said slave under the severest penalties of the law.

jy 14—6t JOHN NEWBERY.

LIVERPOOL PACKET-SHIPS.—We are informed that the Rev. M. M. Clarke, of Washington, D. C. and the Rev. Mr. Paine, a preacher at the Baltimore Bethel Church, applied sometime last month for a cabin passage on board the *Fidelia*, one of *Marshall's Line* of Liverpool packets, but were refused. Both Mr. Clarke and Mr. Paine are men of great respectability and intelligence. The reason for the refusal, to use the Captain's own words, was—No! d' ye suppose I'd take coloured men in my cabin? I wouldn't take them for $500!"

Application was then made on board the ship Empire, owned by Ambrose C. Kingsland, 55 Broad street, and commanded by Capt. Russell. A passage was secured without the slightest difficulty in the first cabin, and on precisely the same terms as for other passengers.

Our friends will remember these two lines of Liverpool packets.

Herald of Freedom Subscribers.

The present number of the Standard is the last which the Herald subscribers who have not subscribed to the Standard will receive. This is in accordance with the notice which we gave a month ago, and we therefore presume that all who have not forwarded their names do not wish to take the paper. If there are any, however who still wish to subscribe, but have delayed to do so for any reason, they will of course receive the paper by forwarding their names with the subscription money.

☞ RECEIPTS to many of our new subscribers have been delayed, but will be sent as soon as we can get some blanks which are in process of printing.

Notes on New Books.

Ecclesiastical Reminiscences of the United States. By the Rev. Edward Waylen, late Rector of Christ Church, Rockville, Maryland. Wiley & Putnam: 1846.

Mr. Waylen is an Englishman, who resided eleven years in this country; the greater part of the time he was pastor of an Episcopal Church. He travelled extensively over the Union, and, unlike the majority of his countrymen who visit us, saw everything through a rose-tinted medium. As his book was published in London, where he now resides, and as he was pastor of a church in a slave State, we expected to find some allusion to the peculiar institution of the South; for his opportunities of observation were such as but few Englishmen have enjoyed. But Slavery is a tabooed subject to the Rev. Mr. Waylen; the word even does not occur once in his rather thick volume. This silence, however, appears to us more terribly denunciatory of the system than anything that he could have written. It is evident that he was afraid to meddle with the secrets of his prison house.—We are glad to see that he exposes the astounding hypocrisy of the Episcopal Church in refusing to confirm the nomination of Dr. Hawks to the Episcopate, solely upon the grounds that, in attempting to found a seminary for the education of young men, at Flushing, he contracted debts beyond his ability to pay. Yes, the House of Bishops, acting upon the principle which influences the board of brokers, when they expel one of their members who cannot pay up his differences, refused to confirm one of the most eloquent Churchmen in the country because he was unable to pay the debts which he had contracted in the benevolent design of founding a school for the education of youth, and at the same time raised to the Episcopate men whose hands were red with the blood of their fellow-beings; yes, they consecrated slave-dealers as Bishops, and, pretending to exercise an authority vested in them by Christ, performed the hideous mockery of imparting to men, whom they knew to be daily crucifiers of him whom they pretended to believe in as their Saviour, authority which none but God can give to man. It is too monstrous for belief, and we cannot believe it although we know it to be true, just as we believe some things which we know to be false, that men who trade in the souls and bodies of human beings, as butchers trade in cattle, should be consecrated to the office of a Bishop, by those who deny the office to another solely on the ground that his benevolence got the mastery of his pocket. Pah! The title of Bishop has already become a bye-word of reproach, and the ungodly say to each other, "You are as bad as a Bishop."

Life and Correspondence of John Foster, Edited by J. E. Ryland, with notices of Mr. Foster as a Preacher and a Companion. 2 Vols. Wiley & Putnam.

The editor of these very acceptable volumes has, with great propriety, made his own part of them subordinate to the letters of his eminent friend; but we regret that in the little which he wrote he did not include more of the real life of his subject. The letters are as correctly and quietly written as though they had been composed with an eye to posthumous publication, and we gather from them but little more knowledge of the writer than we can do from his reviews and essays. John Foster was an excellent good man; he seems to have lacked nothing but a little enthusiasm, or extravagance of feeling to make him a great one. He was distressingly respectable in all that he said and did, and so good as to come very near being good for nothing. Although a preacher of the strictest sect among professors of Christianity, he was so little a partisan that his religious belief could hardly be discerned from his writings. Notwithstanding his excessive correctness, he sometimes said a good thing, which such clerical wits as Dean Swift and Sidney Smith, might not have disdained to utter. On being told that the Emperor Alexander was a pious man, he said, "Yes, very pious; no doubt he said grace before he swallowed Poland." On being shown some worsted work in which red was the predominant tint, he said it was red with the blood of murdered Time. His essays and reviews are too well known in this country to need any reference to them, and those who admire them will read with pleasure the letters in these volumes which relate to their composition and publication. He contributed no less than one hundred and eighty-five papers to the Eclectic Review. He appears to have been a man of industrious habits for a profound thinker, and a hard student in his youth, yet he continually upbraids himself with desultory habits, and an inability to study. We are always inclined to believe all the ill which men tell of themselves, and have no doubt that he felt the want of systematic habits of application. Men who think much cannot work; and contemplative minds, deprived of the blessings of early training in schools, can never overcome the enticing habit of self-indulgence in their own thoughts in preference to the thoughts of others. Until his eighteenth year John Foster earned his own bread by spinning and weaving, and amused himself by reading and writing. His work, as we may well believe, never gave satisfaction to his employers; neither did it give any pleasure to himself, and he never looked upon himself as an artisan, although he had no right, excepting that which superiority of mind to condition must always give, to look forward to any other condition of life than the humble one in which he was born. But where there is a will there is a way, and he soon abandoned the idle business of weaving clothes for men's backs to weave essays for their minds. By a strange inversion of reason men who flitter away life and consume their precious hours in the idleness of weaving clothes for others, are accounted industrious and useful, while the hard workers, who labor through every hour of their lives, hardly resting in their slumbers, who literally coin their existence to furnish a currency of thoughts, for their poverty-stricken brethren, are looked upon as idlers, and treated as good-for-nothing members of society.

The Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England, with a Treatise on the Popular Progress in English History. by John Forster. Edited by J. O. Choules. Harper & Brothers: Nos. 1 & 2.

This is the true British Plutarch. Here are names worthy of a place in a nation's history, and they are treated in a manner to which their high merits entitle them.

We have heard this that and the other piece of presumption spoken of as the height of impudence, but surely the dedication of Mr. Forster's book, to Thomas Colley Grattan, by J. O. Choules, if not the highest piece of impudence, is the coolest that we have recently become acquainted with.

The Wandering Jew, Illustrated edition: No. 19. Harper & Brothers.

This is the last number of this singular production; it contains a greater amount of letter press, and a much larger number of engravings than any previous number. Although we have already given our opinion of the masterly designs in this edition of the Wandering Jew, we cannot let this opportunity pass without repeating that we regard it as superior to any other illustrated book published in this country. Our only regret is that it is not original. But we must struggle through many years of mediocrity in art before we can boast of a GAVARNI.

To Correspondents.

Dr. Hudson's letter from Chatauque county, was received too late for this number. It shall appear next week.

The errors pointed out in our last receipts by J. C. H. and E. Q. were errors in type only; our accounts are correct.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* The "Ragged School", Home. *Miscellany:* Toussaint, (concluded); Gleanings from Foreign Papers; Bloodhounds.

FIRST PAGE.—*Selections:* Reply to C. M. Clay; The Great Remedy; Inhospitality—Runaway Slave; Anti-Slavery Meetings; Another Letter from Hon. Joshua R. Giddings; Cost of Enlarging the Area of Slavery; Extract of a Letter from Dr. Snodgrass to the Baltimore Visiter. *Communications:* Annual Meeting of the Eastern Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society.

SECOND PAGE.—Letter from David Waite; Anti-War Meeting.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Items.

Hon. Simon Greenleaf, late Royal Professor of Law at Cambridge College, has been promoted to the Dane Professorship, held by Judge STORY; and Hon. WILLIAM KENT, late Circuit Judge in New-York, is appointed to the place held by Mr. Greenleaf. The Massachusett papers speak in the highest praise of this arrangements.—*Concord Statesman.*

Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, is delivering lectures in England, on the Philosophy of Labour.

The Baltimore American estimates that more than a million of dollars will be lost to Baltimore by the Executive veto of the French Spoliations bill.

Buying a Preacher.—The colored persons of Washington have held a fair in order to raise three hundred dollars to buy their preacher, who is a slave!

A Doctor of Divinity in the Field.—We understand that the Rev. Dr. Lord has been lecturing in Buffalo, N. Y. against the abolition of Capital Punishment. How some Doctors of Divinity gloat over the gallows! To them its tortures are indeed *capital* punishment.—*Prisoner's Friend.*

There are now fourteen persons in the United States under sentence of death, viz: one in New-York, one in Virginia, three in Arkansas, one in Kentucky, one in Maryland, one in Vermont, three in South Carolina, one in Louisiana, one in Maine, and one in Illinois.

Wm. M. Price, formerly United States District Attorney for this District, committed suicide on Tuesday last, at Outignon's Gallery, Canal street, by shooting himself through the head with a pistol. Poverty is assigned as the cause of the rash deed.

Brutal Outrage.—The Providence Journal says that Mr. Nathaniel G. Helme was brutally attacked on Monday evening by a man named Charles Cassen, who came up to Helme while engaged in conversation, knocked him down, stamped on him, and beat him in the most ferocious manner. The assault was wholly unprovoked, and no explanation can be given of it, except that Mr. Helme is one of the complainants for the violations of the license law, and had summoned Cassen as a witness, and, upon his refusal to appear, had issued a writ to bring him into Court.

The Work begun.—In the Northampton circuit, (Va.) a Methodist preacher from the Methodist Church North, was recently mobbed, having "his coat torn, some of his hair pulled out, and being badly choked." The presiding Elder of the Methodist Church South had before this, "at a quarterly meeting, pointed out to the people the danger of permitting Northern preachers to come among them, telling them that they were *Abolitionists*, and might sow dangerous opinions, or excite malignant feelings among their slaves." The fruit is as above.

Another Preacher Arrested.—The Hagerstown News states that on Sunday last an itinerant coloured preacher, named Wilmor, was arrested at that place, to answer the charge of convening tumultuous meetings of the slaves in that place contrary to the law in such cases provided. The reverend gentleman was brought before Justice Williams, by whom he was required to give bail in the sum of $100 for his appearance at the next term of the Court. Several of his coloured friends appeared and very promptly entered the bail.

John Randolph's Slaves.—A correspondent at Piqua furnishes the Cincinnati Herald with a few items of news concerning the emancipated people of John Randolph. They were driven by a mob of three or four hundred persons from the place where they had expected to settle in Shelby county. About one hundred of them remained in Sidney; one hundred and thirty or more in Piqua; the rest passed on to Dayton. Judge Leigh was doing all he could to make them comfortable, and he has declared that he will sacrifice all his wealth, before he would take them back to Virginia. He is a slaveholder, and knows what their fate would be. Our correspondent took to his home a family of them—consisting of a man, his wife, with a daughter, and three grand children, most of them sick from discouragement, exposure, and fatigue. The man soon died. Old John, it is said, also deceased, overcome by disappointment and exposure! And this devilish inhumanity is enacted in a professedly Christian State! The correspondent adds—

"Most of the respectable classes of Piqua, both Whigs and Democrats, have manifested much sympathy for them; some have taken whole families; but they have had to arm themselves to the teeth, as certain lewd fellows of the baser sort are striving to organize a gang to drive off the poor unfortunates. Should the attempt be made, blood will be spilt."

Emancipation Ball.—The coloured citizens of our village and the villages adjoining, participated in a ball at *Wyman's Hall*, on Monday evening last, in commemoration of emancipation in the West India Islands. The attendance was large, and the hall was made to ring with sweet harmonious sounds, of the violin, the clarionet, trombone, &c. the light fantastic toe was kept in motion till "the break of morn," and their deportment throughout was such as to win the approval of all. It was the first of the kind that has taken place in our village within the memory of "the oldest inhabitant." The participators in the affair have left impressions upon our citizens, that will redound to the advantage of our coloured inhabitants.—*Penn Yan Democrat.*

A "First Rate Notice."—The Louisville Journal gives the editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer the following flattering recommendation.

"He has the richest vein of silliness, without alloy, in his composition possessed by any aspirant to editorial honors that we know of. His bat-like blindness to any difference between good sense and exquisite nonsense, his delicious sea-like greenness, and his wonderful pancake-like flatness, have often won our intensest admiration. He is a genious, in his way, of prodigious force. There is no one that we know of who stands a better chance than he does of consummating those pyrotechnic an equestrian experiments, of which philosophers have dreamed so fondly, of igniting the waves of the beautiful Ohio, and of riding through a crab-apple orchard on a streak of lightning. If he fail to succeed in accomplishing these beautiful feats, we shall ever after class them among things impossible, with perpetual motion, and the quadrature of the circle. We hope he will take care of himself and not indulge too luxuriously in green fruit and thus peril his valuable health."

The Boston Post, speaking of Bishop Fenwick, says, "He was a profound theologian, a learned civilian, a powerful preacher, a thoroughly read historian, and a sagacious and prudent counsellor, in all that related to the interests of his church, and what he deemed for the welfare of his people.

A Pleasing incident.—A townsman who stood on the wharf at East Boston, when the Cambria came in, says that as the vessel was nearing her destination, the Hutchinson Family, who were among the passengers, struck up "*Home, Sweet Home*," and sang with thrilling sweetness and beauty, that touching song. It must have been a pleasant and impressive incident to all who witnessed it.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

Damage by Flood, Fire, and Hail.—A tremendous thunder storm occurred in New Sharon, Starks, Mercer, and the neighbouring towns, on Saturday night last, (extending, we believe, into Somerset county,) which caused quite a flood upon the small stream emptying into the Sandy river. At New Sharon village, the tannery of Mr. Hopkins was destroyed, three of his buildings and a large quantity of leather having been carried off—loss from $2,000 to $4,000. Four bridges on the Fillebrown stream in New Sharon and Mercer, were swept away—and the new mill-dam of Mr. Works, at New Sharon, was nearly destroyed. In Starks, a barn, full of hay, belonging to a Mr. Witham, was burned by the lightning. We also hear generally of great damage to the crops by hail, in that vicinity, and in New Portland. Great quantities are said to have fallen; and many of the hail-stones weighed from 10 to 12 ounces each. In some instances cattle, and even men, were much injured.—*Kennebec Journal.*

The Fall River "*All Sorts*," thus notices the death of an individual in *New Bedford*.

Burnt up.—Died, at New Bedford on Sabbath last, Mr. Charles Wordle aged about forty. Or in other words it might as well be said that Mr. W. was burnt up by the fires of Alcohol.

Slaveholding, in these United States, is *malum in se*. A sin in and of itself, without reference to the treatment.—*Judge Steven's Reply to Dr. Bacon.*

Dancing.—The churches are making dancing a subject of discipline, declaring it to be intolerably immoral. How dare they do it? Is n't dancing as much a *Bible Institution* as Slavery? Did n't David dance? Does the New Testament forbid it.—*Sig. of Lib.*

The *Fourth of July* of all days in the year was desecrated in Arkansas, by the murder of a slave according to Lynch law. The story is told in the Little Rock Gazette of the 13th instan:

At Columbia, in Chicot county, William, a slave of Col. Waltham, had been tried twice on a charge of murdering his overseer. On the first trial the jury could not agree—on the second he was convicted, but a motion for a new trial was granted. Fearing that their victim might escape, a mob of more than one hundred persons proceeded in open day to the prison where the slave was confined, placed a halter round his neck, led him forth and hung him, without farther process of any sort, within one hundred yards of the jail. None of the murderers were arrested.

Babes in the Woods.—On Sunday, fortnight, a little girl and boy were found strolling in the woods near Eufaula, Alabama, without home or friends. They were sent from some place in Georgia, by a man hired for that purpose, under the pretext of leaving them with some relations, supposed to be residing there; not being able to find them, he left the children in the woods, a short distance from the town, to shift for themselves. The little deserted wanderers were taken home and kindly provided for by Mr. Thomas Robertson, of Eufaula, who found them.

It is said that a Swedish fanatic, who has set himself up for a prophet, is preparing to immigrate to this Western Continent with thousands of his believing followers. His name is Erich Janson.

A writer of the last century observes that "when the cannons of the princes began war, the canons of the Church were destroyed. It was first mitrum that governed the world, and then nitrum—first Saint Peter, and then Saltpetre."

A Capture.—The *Ohio State Journal* says that Armitage, one of the kidnappers of Jerry Phinney, was arrested on the morning of the 23d, at the residence of Mr. Fleming, Prairie township, Franklin county. The statement made by his friends is, that he was coming back to stand his trial, and know the worst, preferring that to a life of wandering, with a brand upon him, and in constant apprehension of arrest.

He gave bail for his appearance at Court, in the sum of $750. The trial of Henderson and others arrested for participation in the kidnapping outrage, is set for a special session of the Court of Common Pleas, to commence on the 8th of September.

A Wealthy Irishman.—The editor of the Lowell Courier in a late letter from Dublin says that the wealthiest man and the one best known in Cork, Tipperary, and Kilkenny, is a Mr. Bianconi, the mayor of Clonmell, and the proprietor of all the stages and cars in the province of Munster. His history shows what a man of enterprise and perseverance can do, even in so old and so poor a country as Ireland. He is an Italian by birth, and came to Tipperary about thirty years ago, following the avocation of a pedlar. After which, he bought a donkey and cart, and enlarged his business. He used to give pedestrians a ride on his cart, as he journeyed between Clonmell and Waterford; and this suggested the idea of having a seat put on his cart, and to charge a small sum from those to whom he gave a ride. This succeeded so well that he finally gave up pedling and took to carrying passengers. He has gone on from this small beginning, until now. He has amassed a great fortune, owns eighteen hundred horses, and is now Mayor of the city in which he lives. He is very much respected, and has the name of being strictly honest. Every one of his horses has its own collar and its own name. The name is cut on the collar, and his teams are all good.

☞ EDWARD A. NEWTON, Esq. of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, now in England, has sent home by the Great Western, two very superior cows, of the "short horned" Durham breed, from the Bruen Stapleford farm, near Chester, now in the occupancy of Mr. William Palin. They are high bred and very valuable animals, and will prove an acquisition to Berkshire county. Mr. Newton is a native of Boston, and resided many years in Calcutta, where he accumulated a large fortune. His residence at Pittsfield is the most beautiful in that pretty village. He is a warm friend to Agricultural improvement, and an efficient member of the far-famed Berkshire Agricultural Society.

"The effigy of George M. Dallas was burned in the public streets of Philadelphia last week, by a Federal mob. During the Bank panic, the fathers of those who composed this mob, and calling themselves National Republicans, burned the effigy of General Andrew Jackson on the same ground. In 1798, the effigy of Thomas Jefferson was burned on the same identical spot by the grandfathers of the rioters of 1846, who, at that time, called themselves Federalists. In 1775-'6-'7-'8-'9, the great-grandfathers of this same mob of 1846 burned the effigies of Patrick Henry and George Washington, on the same spot likewise, and went by the name of Tories. The line of descent is so direct as to be unquestionable; and, what is most remarkable is, that the old generation always manage it to become so unpopular, that they advise their children to change their names!"—*Philadelphia Paper.*

Sinking of a Steamboat, and loss of Six Hundred Lives!—The Barcelona journals contain details of a horrible catastrophe which took place a few days previously, at Almeria. A detachment of troops, 600 in number, having to be transported to Barcelona, they were embarked on board a steamboat, which had scarce got out to sea, when, owing to the number of men being disproportionate to her size, she gave a lurch, and immediately sunk. Two men alone were saved.

Drowned.—Arthur Tappan Porter, a lad of seven years, son of William S. Porter, of Farmington, was drowned in the canal, on the afternoon of the 10th instant, while bathing. His body was not recovered till several hours subsequently. The numerous friends of Mr. Porter, in this county and elsewhere, will sympathize with him in his deep affliction. The lad is spoken of as possessing superior intelligence for a child of his age, and as very interesting in his character.—*Charter Oak.*

Normal School.—The present term of the State Normal School at Bridgewater, has opened with one hundred pupils.

The Boston Transcript has been shown some fine specimens of gold recently discovered in Dedham, by John H Blake, Esq. while examining a vein of quartz, which was laid open by his directions, for the purpose of ascertaining whether it was worth working for galena. In the same vein there was found also, besides galena, carbonate and sulphuret of copper.

New Papers.—A neat temperance paper, called the "Youth's Temperance Banner" has just been started at Rochester, for twenty-five cents a year—monthly—and published by the Executive Committee of the Youth's Temperance Association.

In Pittsburgh the "Evening News," a penny sheet has been commenced, with no editor's name attached.

Slavers Captured.—The British sloop-of-war Mutine, Com. Crawford, it is stated, has lately captured three slavers, one of which was a large vessel of five hundred tons, now on her way to the Cape in charge of an officer—making in all, during the last year, ten vessels in the Slave-Trade captured by the Mutine

Married,

In Providence, on the 3d instant by Rev. E. B. Hall, Rev *Cornelius George Fenner*, to Miss *Elizabeth C.* daughter of Albert C. Greene, Esq. all of Providence.

In Lowell, August 12th, by Rev. Mr Potter, Mr. *Samuel Bement*, principal of Dracutt Seminary, to Miss *Sarah E. Kent*, of Lowell.

On the 1st ultimo, by Friend's ceremony, before John Swift, Mayor, Mr. *James M. Saunders*, of Woodbury, N. J. to Miss *Sarah Hayes*, of Philadelphia.

In Brooklyn, N. Y. 4th instant, Mr. *Sylvester S. Southworth*, to Mrs. *Amey T. Brown*, eldest daughter of the late Captain James Bliven.

In Bangor, *Asa Walker*, Esq. editor of the Bangor Gazette, to Mrs. *Emeline B. Lincoln.*

Died,

At Utica, New-York, on the 3d instant, of pulmonary consumption, *Samuel Lightbody*, a devoted friend of the Anti-Slavery cause, and one of the earliest patrons of this paper. Aged 48 years.—*Liberator.*

In Boston, August 11th, the Right Reverend *Benedict J. Fenwick*, Roman Catholic Bishop of Boston, in the 65th year of his age, and the twenty-first of his Episcopacy.

In Detroit, Michigan, August 4th, *Fisher Ames Harding*, Esq. aged 35, one of the editors of the Detroit Daily Advertiser. He was a native of Dover, Mass. and a graduate of Harvard University in the class of 1833.

In Cincinnati, on the 6th instant, the Rev. *Joshua L. Wilson*, the venerable pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Cincinnati, aged seventy years.

In Lexington, Mass. on the 29th ultimo, *Levi Harrington*, aged 86. He was at Saratoga at the surrender of Burgoyne's army.

In Plymouth, August 6th, Mrs. *Lucretia A.* wife of Rev. G. W. Briggs, aged 34.

In Nantucket, *William Barney*, a worthy member of the society of Friends, aged 73.

In New-Bedford, 31st ultimo, very suddenly, *William Bliss*, aged 88 years and 16 days, a United States pensioner.

In Concord, N. H. suddenly, on Tuesday evening last, *Henry H. Carroll*, Esq. editor of the New Hampshire Patriot, aged 33.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For the Standard—from August 8, to August 17, 1846.

Robert W. Titus, N. Hempstead, N Y		$1 00
W. S. Robbins, Cedar Swamp,	"	1 00
Eliza Houpt, Newville,	"	5 00
N. B. Bartlett, Oberlin, Ohio,		1 00
M. A. Rawson, "	"	1 00
E. M. Wardsworth, "	"	2 00
Silas Pepoon, Painsville, "		1 00
Ann Preston, Stockport, Pa.		1 00
John D. Snell, Dedham, Mass.		1 00
R. Plummer, Newburyport, "		1 00
Dea. R. J. Monson, Fredonia, N Y		1 00
Henry Wilson,	"	1 00
D. N. Barber,	"	1 00
Levi Baldwin,	"	1 00
T. W. Kingsley,	"	1 00
George Leonard,	"	1 00
Roswell Butler,	"	1 00
Isaac Durand, Westfield, N Y		1 00
H. Tiffany,	"	1 00
John K. Forsyth,	"	1 00
Wright & Minor,	"	1 00
Hawley & Harris,	"	1 00
Benjamin McCain,	"	1 00
W. B. Storer, Akron, Ohio,		1 00
W. C. Andrews,	"	1 00
W. T. Huntington,	"	1 00
Underhill & Keith, Massillon, Ohio,		1 00
F. Purdy, Middlebury,	"	1 00
Wm. L. Wann, Navarre,	"	1 00
Arvine W. Fox, Massillon,	"	1 00
R. Partridge,	"	1 00
Wm. Sheafer, W Brookfield,	"	1 00
Samuel Campbell, Atwater,	"	1 00
Belding & Collins, Randolph,	"	1 00
Truman Case,	"	1 00
J. F. Smalley,	"	1 00
E. C. Baker, Fredonia,	"	1 00
Wm. Steadman, Randolph,	"	1 00
Wm. Johnson, New-York,		1 00
John Block, Lancaster, Pa.		1 00
Archelus Lewis, Westbrook, Me.		1 00
Topham Robie, Gorham,	"	1 00
Nathaniel Deering, Portland,	"	1 00
Wm. W. Thomas,	"	1 00
Richard O. Conant,	"	1 00
Horace V. Bartol,	"	1 00
Edwin Fernald,	"	1 00
James D. Kidder,	"	1 00
J. N. Morrill,	"	1 00
J. S. Little,	"	1 00
Eliza J. Clarke, Manchester, (Union Mills) Ct.		1 00
Calvin Campbell, Henrietta, N Y		1 00
Reuben Mosher, North Galway, "		2 00
P. W. Peck, E. Bloomfield,	"	1 00
J. Adams,	"	1 00
Lafayette Collins,	"	1 00
Eber Stone, Pittsford,	"	1 00
Richard Butcher,	"	1 00
Orren Stone,	"	1 00
Whiting Race, Seneca Falls,	"	1 00
Joseph Porter,	"	1 00
Charles Bonnell, Waterloo,	"	1 00
S. Holton, Farmersville,	"	1 00
James Bennett, Ovid,	"	1 00
H. D. Gifford, Bergen,	"	1 00
H. W. Gifford, Le Roy,	"	1 00
Moses C. Wooden, Geneva,	"	1 00
John Levy, Lowell, Mass.		1 00
Royal Southwick, "		1 00
Philip R. Merriam, Ashburnham, Mass.		1 00
Jonathan Buffum, Lynn,	"	1 00
Abagail L. Breed, "	"	1 00
George Doughty, Jamaica, N Y		4 00
Mrs. S. Wiggin, New Market, N H		1 00
Solomon Pendergast, "		1 00
Timothy Pendergast, Newburyport, Mass.		1 00
James Green, Sherman, N Y		1 00
J. V. Cornish, "	"	1 00
John C. Wilcox, "	"	1 00
Henry Wilbur, Sherman Centre, N Y		1 00
J. N. Smith, Dewittville,	"	1 00
John Ackman,	"	1 00
Caleb Todd,	"	1 00
Wilson Seofield,	"	1 00
Charles Arnold,	"	1 00
Darius Scofield,	"	1 00
Rev. J. A. McKay, Ellington,	"	1 00
Rev. Wm. Waith,	"	1 00
Joseph Seekins,	"	1 00
H. N. Jacobs,	"	1 00
Silas Wheeler,	"	1 00
E. T. Partridge, Clear Creek,	"	1 00
Clarissa D. Wheeler, Fredonia,	"	1 00
Welcome C. Carpenter, Cherry Creek, N Y		1 00
H. Pratt, Conewango,	"	1 00
Robert Owen,	"	1 00
Rev. L. S. Morgan, Conewango,	"	1 00
Harris Aldrich,	"	1 00
		107.00
Total Amount,		$107.00

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

NOTICES.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE CHESTER COUNTY ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Chester county Anti-Slavery Society will be held at "People's Hall," Ercildoun, East Fallowfield, on 3d-day, the 25th instant, at 10 o'clock, A. M. It will be a meeting of much importance, as besides the peculiar interest of this period to the Anti-Slavery cause, there are important alterations proposed to be made in the Constitution, and it is hoped this annual gathering of the Abolitionists of the county will be large and animated, an occasion for free hearts to meet their fellows and be rejoiced and strengthened for the conflict in the year to come. EDWIN FUSSELL, Cor. Sec.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF CHATAUQUE COUNTY.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Two able advocates of the cause of liberty—E. D. HUDSON, and WM. W. BROWN, are now laboring in your county, and will hold meetings at the following places. Their success, and the interests of the cause, will depend very much upon your active co-operation, in procuring places for meetings, extending notices, and in aiding them in procuring subscribers for the Standard. Are there not some among you who will

VOLUNTEER

To spend one, two, or three weeks, or more, in Freedom's cause, and go with these brethren from house to house, and from town to town? Let it not be said of Western New-York, that from among her sons, Slavery can get more volunteers to fight her infamous battles in Mexico, than Freedom can number in her army. Come to the rescue, then, one and all, and let the question be decided.

"For he who settles Freedom's principles,
Writes the death-warrant of all tyranny;
Who speaks the truth, stabs falsehood to the heart,
And his mere word makes despots tremble more
Than even Brutus with his dagger could."

CHATAUQUE COUNTY.

Cherry Creek, Thursday and Friday, August 13th and 14th, at 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.
Arkwright, Friday, August 14th, at 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.
Forrestville, Saturday, " 15th, " " "
Versailles, Sunday and Monday, August 16th and 17th, at 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

ERIE COUNTY.

La Grange, Wednesday, August 19th at 2 o'clock, p. m.
Eden Corners, Thursday, " 20th, "
Collinsville, Friday, " 21st, "
Collins Centre, Saturday and Sunday, August 22d & 23d, at 2 o'clock, p. m.
Springville, Monday, August 24th, at 2 o'clock, p. m.
Boston Corners, Tuesday, " 25th, "
Boston Centre, Wednesday, " 26th, "
Griffin's Mills, Thursday, " 27th, "
Aurora, Friday, " 28th, "
Wales Centre, Saturday, " 29th, "
East Hamburg, Sunday, " 30th, "
Clarence Hollow, Tuesday, September 1, at 7 o'clock, p.m.
Akron, Wednesday, " 2, "
Richville, Thursday, " 3, at 2 o'clock, p.m.
Lancaster, Friday, " 4, at 7 "

These meetings will be attended by one, or both of the friends above mentioned, besides VOLUNTEERS. One noble-hearted brother is already in the field, in that capacity, and will spend as much time as his other avocations will permit. You will find in

E. D. HUDSON,

A single-hearted, devoted, and faithful man,—uncompromising in his hostility to Slavery, in whatever garb she may assume to clothe herself. No freeman will complain of that.

WILLIAM W. BROWN,

Has groaned many a weary day in the prison-house of bondage, and can tell of the dark and damning deeds that are committed there. He has felt the heavy heel of tyranny upon his own head, and can speak from experience. Even now by the Constitution of the United States, he is a *chattel*, and not a MAN. Out upon such atrocity, and let the cry be rung through the land,

NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.

J. C. HATHAWAY,

General Agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, for the State of New-York.

FARMINGTON, 7th month 18, 1846.

FAIR TEETH.

We would give information to those of our friends who may need the aid of a DENTIST, that EDWARD TOWNSEND, No. 254 North Fourth Street, and JOHN K. TOWNSEND, Southeast corner of Ninth and Cherry Streets, both well known and highly esteemed in their profession, have each generously offered to give *twelve hours of professional work for the benefit of our Fair.*

Persons wishing to have teeth extracted, plugged, or artificial ones inserted, may receive an order from either of the undersigned:

Sarah Pugh, 70 Marshall Street,
Sarah L. Child, 452 North 2d Street,
Anna M. Hopper, 22 North 7th Street,
Emma Parker, 127 Arch "
Margaret A Griscom, 325 1-2 Arch Street,
Margaretta Forten, 92 Lombard "
or from any member of the
Committee of Arrangements.

CIRCULAR.

Again we invite the co-operation of the Abolitionists of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware, in our preparations, already commenced, for the Fair of 1846. We trust that our friends in town and country, will immediately begin, if they have not already done so, to make arrangements for working circles, &c. and enlist as many warm hearts and efficient hands as can be found in their respective neighborhoods. Our next Fair is to be held in a much larger Hall, than we have heretofore occupied, and it is our intention that it shall be in every respect greatly superior to former ones. To accomplish this, we must, *each and all*, be more diligent, more active in invention and execution, than heretofore. The cause demands new efforts, and whose heart does not respond to the call? Let each of us commence this work with a determination that the Fair *shall* be what we wish to make it. Let no suggestion be lost, let no inventive thought be rejected, which can be profitably applied in any department of the labor. Much depends on the *variety* of the collection, and the skill and taste of all may here find ample room for profitable exercise. And the usual articles of needlework will be in demand, and a much larger supply than heretofore of the products of the garden, the dairy, and the farm. We wish to fill one table with specimens of Natural History in every variety, and another with pot flowers. Will the friends in the country prepare these for the occasion? Let all who have beautiful flowers of any kind, plant cuttings from them now, and, if properly trained, they will probably be ready for us in December next.

Your past experience and observation, dear friends, diminishes the necessity of suggestions from us. What we would most urgently press upon you is, that the work of preparation be commenced *immediately*, and continued diligently. We shall be glad to communicate with any circle or individual, who may wish for consultation with us respecting the Fair, and shall be happy to receive friendly suggestions from any quarter.

Sarah Pugh, *Emma Paine,*
Theresa Hallowell, *Gertrude K. Burleigh,*
Sarah L. Child, *Hannah L. Stickney,*
Anna M. Hopper, *Mary T. Stickney,*
Margaret Griscom, *Emily Winslow,*
Sarah A. McKim, *Maria Davis,*
Amy Matilda Cassey, *Harriet D. Purvis,*
Paulina Wright, *Sarah L. Purvis,*
*

Poetry.

From Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine.

THE "RAGGED SCHOOL."

Radiant was the light that spread
From Hymettus' honied head;
Stately shone its sculptur'd beam
In Ilissus' limpid stream:
Dusky groves where Fancy wander'd,
Pictur'd halls where Reason ponder'd;
Forms around of grace supernal,
Fanes above of awe eternal;

All that Nature's genial will,
All that Man's ideal skill,
Fashions fair—at Athens wrought
To ameliorate the thought;
Spread o'er earth, and sky, and ocean,
Lustrous lessons of devotion;
Seconded with stroke of Art,
Each high impulse of the heart;
And bade th' exalted Passions prove
That Grace was Truth, and Wisdom, Love.

Ah! beneath another rule,
Pupils of the "Ragged School,"
Was *your* tutelage conducted;
Clouds *your* narrow skies were shading,
Beauty—Art, to wrong pursuading,
Virtue named but in upbraiding,
And Love left you uninstructed.

Whilst a lore—'tis hate to learn,
Tutors sedulously stern
Taught the sordid haunts ye lurk in.
Hearthstone cold and cupboard bare
Were the grim preceptors there,
With foul earth and fœtid air,
Conforming minds to what they work in.

Tho' within this noisome room,
Where the glimmer streaks the gloom
Aspirants ungainly pant;
Tho' disgrace to scent and eye,
Offals of Humanity
Reek in this enclosure scant;

Tho' each student fierce and foul
Bend a brow that wears a scowl,
Move a lip of Hardship's bleaching,
Though dull'd Sense and dogged Will,
Tyroes here, but augur ill
For the mild Instructor's teaching;

Yet on God's amending plan,
Here shall reprobated man
Bless his brother man's tuition;
This—Improvement's softest spell—
That his teacher *means him well*,
Solacing his soul's submission.

Here, scholastic creeds above,
Is Religion taught by Love;
Here, in temples not of stone,
Ministers *for* love alone,
Shame silence with adoring sound,
And make affliction hallow'd ground.

From her dungeon-gloom severe,
Conscience is uplifted here,
And whilst her degenerate eyes
Dread th' accusatory skies,
Charity is wing'd to ope
Paths sublime to Faith and Hope.

Tho' not Learning's garb ye wear
In Professor's easy chair,
Though ye mend the human breed,
Without mitres for your meed,
Heaven thus ratifies your rule,
Teachers of each "Ragged School."

April, 1846. D.

From the Philadelphia Evening Post.

ROME.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

Wreck of the fallen world!
Ghost of the mighty Past!
Planet, that, crashing hurled,
Fell from its orbit vast—
How have the latter spheres
Rolled o'er thy ruined home!
How have a thousand years
Scattered thy glory, Rome!
Prone, like a godlike form
Stripped by the spoiling worm,
Ravaged by the wind and storm—
Gone is thy greatness now!
And in thy rifled grave,
Washed by the Tiber's wave,
The foot of the meanest slave
Tramples thy brow!

Shadows of centuries glide
Voiceless, around the scene—
Phantoms of power and pride,
Gazing with mournful mien,
Temple, and tomb, and arch,
Shattered and lonely stand;
Rent by the Vandal's march—
Spoiled by the robber's hand!
Far through the Flavian hall
Beasts of the desert crawl,
And on the Cæsars' wall
Ivy and brambles grow;
Relics of temples lay
Heaped by the Appian way—
Altars to dull Decay,
Mouldering slow!

Yet, 'mid the waifs of Time
Lingers the fame of old
Calling, with voice sublime,
Out from its temples' mould!
What though the Pierad hills
Look on a fettered land—
Slaves by the Sabine rills—
Slaves on the Tyrshene strand—
Still does thine empire last,
Ghost of a godlike Past!
Still does the world so vast
Yield to thy silent sway!
Though in the flood of years
Vanished both realms and spheres,
Thine, 'mid the blood and tears,
Passed not away!

Viewless, yet potent still,
Reigneth the old renown,
Thronged on the classic hill—
Crowned with the deathless crown,
There, at its shrine adore,
Breathless, the sons of Art;
Led by the laws of yore,
States into being start.
Bards from a Virgil caught
Germs of undying thought—
Thunders that Tully wrought
Burst upon tyrants now;
Realms of the Living Dead,
Reign, till by Freedom led,
Empires o'er earth shall spread,
Greater than thou!

DEEDS—NOT WORDS.

No matter how cheaply the service be bought,
'Tis the *act* and the *deed* that with honour is fraught;
And the humblest attempts can more kindness display,
Than all the fine promises *words* can convey.
If to *preach* were to *practice*, how easy 't would be,
To relieve all the wants and distress that we see;
But since that vain boasting no honour affords
Your sincerity prove, by your *deeds*, not your *words*.

Miscellany.

TOUSSAINT;

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

(From an unpublished Translation from the German of Theodore Mügge.)

CHAPTER V.—(CONCLUDED.)

"Charles Belair, my son," said Toussaint, drawing the young negro close to him, After a few words, softly whispered, he pointed to the prisoners. "All," said he, "it is my will. And be quick, there thy six brothers shall accompany thee."

"And I," cried the young negress, brandishing her sabre.

"Yes, and thou, Aimé," returned Toussaint. "But hasten. All traces of these whites must vanish forever."

"Wretch!" cried Vincent, when Charles Belair seized him by the shoulder, and silently motioned them all toward a little side passage, which led down the slope, "Is this the humanity you have learned out of your books?"

"Off with them," cried the black, roughly, "and gag him, if he dares to talk."

A small gate was open. They were led out, and the negroes, well armed, took charge, each of a prisoner. The blooming shrubbery in the garden swam in the fire-sea which streamed around from the blazing plantation. But thick suffocating clouds of hot smoke gathered round the party, and soon hid them from sight. Before them lay woods and rocks bathed in a red glow like daylight. Eddies of flame and fire-flakes flashed and floated over their heads. The roar of murder attended their steps, yet no one stopped them. As they descended from the rocky heights into the meadow grounds, they could see the slaves with their frightful trophies, dancing round the fire. They had plundered the habitations of those they had murdered, and arrayed themselves in whatever came to hand. Even the negroes of the company had taken care to secure their part of the booty. One had with some difficulty, drawn over his shoulders a hunting-frock of M. Libertas, another had wrapt a stiff white cravat round his neck, a third exulted proudly in a pair of huge spurred-boots, which he had tied upon his shoulders, and even Charles Belair wore a *chapeau*, which, too large for him, came down and rested on his neck. The Amazon, who kept fast hold of Helen's hand, she alone of all the blacks, disdained to take part in the booty. Only the red silk scarf of the Marchioness fluttered as a sash round her shining body of ebony, and the blade of her sabre threatened the trembling maiden, when, exhausted by terror and suffering, she ventured to address her prayers to her for deliverance.

Their progress became slower after they had reached a strip of woods, but no anxious questions of the prisoners, none of their complaints or cries, drew a word from their attendants. Their steps were hastened by menaces, when they lagged, and when Helen and the Marchioness could walk no further with their wounded feet, they were carried, at Belair's command, through the wildest parts of the woods and across the small streams. The plantations, where pillars of flame announced the outbreak of the insurrection, and death and terror reigned, were carefully avoided. At intervals they heard, now the thunder of the cannon, which the east wind distinctly brought up from the sea, and now the wild yell of murder, as they looked down from the skirts of the wood into the valleys.

At last, a halt was made upon a steep place, where a small stream ran noisily down among the rocks into the plain. Huge mahogany trees crowned the top of the mountain, whose steep side was covered by luxuriant shrubs and blooming aloes plants. At their feet lay the great plain of the Cape, a sea of fire and glowing smoke, that seemed immeasurable. Not only building, but broad field of sugar-cane and cotton were in flames, which were spreading with immense rapidity, mounting higher and higher. The brook below appeared, in the reflected flame, to roll in gold, the dark tops of the giant trees glowed in the light, and flocks of birds of every variety of plumage, flew screaming and bewildered around. The mournful cry of the bearded ape, mingled with the sharp voice of the spotted wildcat, and various frightened creatures fled from the plain into the woody mountains. The eyes of the prisoners hung wistfully upon the dim masses which bounded the horizon, where, as the smoke occasionally separated, flashes were visible for an instant, succeeded by a rolling thunder. There lay the forts of the Cape, there were their friends; and in increasing despair they gazed towards the refuge, from which they were utterly cut off.

"If we are to die in the sight of deliverance," cried Borel, in his rage, "ye cursed rascals, do your work now. Ye murderers, why do ye hesitate? Or hear, you blacks, good friends," he added, as a sudden thought darted into his mind, "set us at liberty and I will make you richer than a king of Congo."

"Twenty thousand gold pieces, Portuguese!" cried the Marchioness, imploringly. "Hear, my good fellows, twenty thousand gold pieces, Portuguese."

"More, more," exclaimed Charmilly, "you shall have all I possess."

"The deuce take it, my child, Charles Belair," said the Doctor, "don't be a fool. You have sense, I know. But if you will and must murder us, at least, don't let me die of thirst. Remember, twice I have saved your life, and have done as much for you as for the knave, your uncle."

Charles Belair made no answer, but sprang down to the brook and returned with some fresh water in his chapeau. The Doctor drank in large draughts and then cast a sorrowful glance at his arms. "Is it not too bad," said he, "that a man who all his life long has used his hands to bind up and amputate other people's limbs, should have to wear upon his stout and healthy arms, a tourniquet like this, which holds on so tightly, that were I in your place, my child, I could cut off both these arms of mine, without causing the slightest pain. Take your sabre, you black rascal, cut away, I'll tell thee whether it hurts."

The negro looked at him with a grin. "Wait a little, Massa Bertrand," said he, "and if you are not mad, as I suppose, you shall cut off these massa's arms, and legs, and heads, and your own too." He turned from him and handed the hat with the remaining water to the black Amazon, who whispered a few words in his ear and then bent down to the foot of the tree, where Vincent sate lost in thought. At one moment, his eyes were cast dreamily towards the burning plain below, and then, with an expression of the greatest suffering, he turned to the lovely maiden who sate by him, pale and all but lifeless. As Aimé, with awkward hand, sprinkled the water in her face, she partly raised herself up, gazed round wildly upon the savage region and upon her despairing fellow-prisoners. With a sudden shriek, she covered her face with her hands, and then started up, and convulsively embraced the negress. "Your tears have fallen," she said, "when the thorns have torn my feet. Your arm has borne me through the wild stream. You have a heart. You are human. Save us, save us all, save me, my sister." She turned to Vincent, and a sudden thought seizing her, she snatched a knife from Amié's girdle. The next instant, the bands which confined Vincent's arms, were cut in two. He stood released. The knife glittered in his grasp. Bending himself protectingly over his beloved, he waited the attack of the startled negroes.

"Throw down the knife, white man," cried Charles Belair, levelling his musket at him. The other blacks raised their weapons, and awaited the word of their leader.

"Stop!" cried Aimé, and threw herself before Vincent to protect him. She pointed down the hill, whence the clatter of horses hoofs ascended. By the glare of the fire, a small number of horsemen, who darted through the clouds of smoke and held up at the Cactus hedge below. A dark form, separating from the rest, approached, and the weapons of the negroes sunk before him. It was Toussaint. Instead of his postillion's coat, he wore a gold-laced coat. Red breeches, and high bright boots, gave him the appearance of a commanding officer of militia. A hat with heavy white feathers, a belt with pistols, and a short broad-sword, completed his military array.

At a hint from him, the negroes stepped back, and addressing Vincent, in a mild tone of voice, he bade him throw away the knife.

"Never!" cried Vincent, "never will I fall alive into your hands."

"Kill me, then, if you will," replied Toussaint, calmly, letting his sabre fall, and approaching close to him.

While the young officer hesitated, the negro took his hand, and drew the knife from his grasp. "Do you suppose, Sir," said he, in a tone of rebuke, "that I could ever forget what I owe you, and do you not think," he continued, with increasing emphasis, "that I might easily sacrifice you and your friends to a terrible revenge, if it were not a thousand times better to forgive and to save?" With this, he led Vincent aside, who, amazed at his manner, involuntarily followed him to the top of the hill. At a hint, Aimé followed with Helen, who timidly, yet with hope, gazed at the negro. "There," said Toussaint, pointing into the distance, "there lies the city of the white men, your brethren. This burning plain puts a barrier between us for a few hours, but soon the flames will die out, and the blackened ruins, and the dried-up blood will cry for a full revenge. Never will the Creole pardon the slave for having dared to break his chains, never will he consider that the unheard-of oppression of a century have now met with a retribution only too feeble. There is slavery, here is freedom; yes, young man, the freedom of five hundred thousand savages who have never been taught to be men. Ye proud white lords," he continued, with new animation, "look at this. It is your work! Like this broad plain, so will the whole island soon be wrapt in flames, the sword will root you out, and with inglorious vengeance shall you receive your retribution." Suddenly he caught again the hand of the officer, and fastened upon him his large sparkling eyes. "On which side is the right?" he cried. "Who can blame the newly-liberated slave when he destroys his cruel oppressors, and you, full of noble thoughts, and love of freedom, you, a child of the Revolution, which contends for the inalienable rights of all men, can you go back to the murderous bands of the Cape, to draw your sword for those shameful rioters and tyrants?"

"I am a Frenchman," replied Vincent, gloomily.

"And so are those wretches, too," said Toussaint, eagerly. "But, have not these bloody Creoles already spurned the commands of the mother-country; have they not torn pieces those laws of the National Assembly, which declared our emancipation? The poor slaves knew it not, but they were silent till the hour struck. You are a Frenchman, and so am I, also! I am a black Frenchman! The colour of my skin does not prevent me. Citizen Vincent, is it not more glorious to fight for the liberties of the oppressed? Will not our great mother-country give aid to her sons, who are faithful to her orders? We have arms and weapons, but we want heads. Many a heart beats for the oppressed, and yours, too, M. St. Vincent. In the name of our country, I call upon you to enter our ranks, and fight for freedom."

"With a mass of revengeful savages, who think only of blood and plunder," cried Vincent, with horror, "and, who are the deadly enemies of the white man?"

"Teach them love and forgiveness," said the negro. "With a wise hand give them justice and order, and they will awaken. Holy priests are with us. The good wishes of all true men attend our righteous cause, and, at my side, all my brothers shall render you obedience."

"I am an officer," replied Vincent, proudly, "and the name of a traitor must never stain me. Let me rather die."

"Ah, so it is," said Toussaint, bitterly, "with the best and noblest of these whites. Cruel prejudices reign over the highest truths. Young man!" he continued, "not your rank as an officer, not your oath, hinders you from following the impulse of your heart. If our skin were only white, our sufferings would be yours; you would curse our oppressors, and rather break your sword into a thousand pieces than draw it against us. We are despised: no matter, let us see whether we cannot wring the acknowledgment of our claims from the world, even without the help of those who rave for the freedom and equality of all men, and yet trample upon the blacks. Go back, then," said he, calmly, "and may health and happiness attend you. But, hear what a friend says, in parting. Look at this fair woman, whom you love, and whose heart is yours. I thought it would be sweet to you to join us, for, then she would be yours. But there, in the walls of that city, she no longer belongs to you. The old man, whose looks are bent upon us in rage, has long since destined her for another. I know him well, this young Lord de Jumecourt; wild and reckless is he, as a hunter of the Mornes, a true Creole, the pride of his family. Citizen Vincent, will you give up this sweet dove to the hawk, the rose of your soul, to be preyed upon by the poisoned centipede?"

Vincent looked toward Helen, who leaned, trembling, upon Aimé. He seized her hand with deep emotion, and pressed it to his heart. At this moment the fire scattered the smoking curtain, and fell brightly upon her lovely form. Danger and suffering had only heightened her beauty. The wildness of the place, her torn and fluttering garments, her utter helplessness, gave her the touching expression of a holy one, who has God only for a protector. Her eyes, lifted as in prayer, turned to her friend. She smiled upon him, tears gushed from her half-closed lashes, and love and pain were depicted in her pale countenance.

The enraptured consciousness of being beloved by her, penetrated all his soul. In this moment, he would gladly have given up all his visions of glory, and honour, country, and life, even, for the still happiness of a union with her. He felt that he could say: Share my lot, however horrible, and the maiden would follow him. But, with this passionate dream, came also the warning voice of reason, and suddenly the picture of the future was unrolled before him. Among bloody horrors, in the midst of a horde of savages, exposed to the worse than brutal frenzy of the suddenly emancipated, would he have to solemnize the festival of love. Flying over the ruins of human dwellings, and over the bodies of the slaughtered; to dwell, without covering or shelter, in the woods, and, to plunge this tender creature, accustomed to every luxury, into indescribable suffering: and, if he should fall in fight, if,—fearful thought,—she should be left alone, among the children of misery; or, if the cruel Creoles should seize him, an apostate, and destroy him. With sudden violence he drew away his hand from Toussaint's. "Utter not another word," he cried, beseechingly, "I may not stand the temptation. If you can hear the voice of humanity, give this lady, who is dearer to me than life, give her freedom, save her friends, and save me, if you will, or delay no longer: take our lives, and let me die in her arms."

All the stormy violence of his love and despair broke forth in these words. He put his arm around the dear maiden, and pressed her to his breast. Toussaint drew them both from the brink of the steep height. "It shall be as you say," said he, calmly. "In a few hours you will be free, and among your brethren, but, if dangers surround you, if you are unfortunate, remember that beyond those dark mountains, green, blooming valleys lie, and that a grateful friend has the power to procure a still retreat for you, and to protect you."

Aimé, who had been standing, lost in thought, at Vincent's side, caught his arm. "Go, white man," she cried, "thou lovest her, thou wilt protect her, and will not give the dove to the hawk. Aimé understands thee, thou canst not dwell among us. I, too, should die, were Belair to leave me for you. Aimé blesses thee, may the great God protect and keep you, but if the white men curse you, come to your sister, among the palms. Her door is open, and her arms will give thee welcome."

Silently went Toussaint back to the prisoners. A word from him, and their bands fell off. The black kindly helped the little surgeon to rise, who grumbled out his thanks. "Pretty gratitude!" he murmured. "Is this the way to treat an old friend? Yes, I say it out," he continued, with animation, "to repay one's benefactor, who has done him a thousand services, little and great, with tight cords, and the agony of death: it is a sin that no priest can forgive."

"But the friend," replied Toussaint, gently, "saw no other way of saving his friend."

"I have had enough of this friendship," cried Master Bertrand, impatiently, and shaking himself; "if it was really so, well and good, so let us now run as fast as we can."

"And where are you going, Massa Bertrand?" said Toussaint, with a smile.

"To the Cape, to America, to Europe," cried the Doctor, "anywhere out of this cursed land."

"And where grow such rare plants and flowers," said the negro, "as in these gloomy Mornes? Where are there poor men who so need your skill, as here? The white gentlemen laugh at the wise physician, but the poor black blesses him, and believes in him as his God."

"It 's all true," cried the Doctor, evidently faltering in his resolution, "but, there are thankless, poisoned creatures among them, who are not ashamed to fall upon their benefactors in the woods, or bind them like cattle, with cords."

"And who saved his friend?" said Toussaint, "who stepped forward, like a ghost, to his defence?"

"Yes, by Heaven!" cried the Doctor, "it was you, Toussaint, who forced the savage Lafortune to let me go."

"And I," cried the negro, "I, General Toussaint Breda, the grandson of a king, I swear to you, that not a hair of your head shall be injured, Master Bertrand, if you will come with me, and be the chief physician of our host."

Bertrand timidly shook his head, and stepped fearfully back. "Not for all the gold in the world, Toussaint, General," said he. "I am an old man, and have my reasons."

The negro took him aside, and whispered to him for some minutes. The anxious eyes of the prisoners followed him. Hovering between fear and hope, they listened, to catch the few words, which now sounded like a threat, and now like an entreaty; but they breathed again, as Toussaint, speaking in a louder tone, was heard to say: "I will save you all. You may go. Your death would do me no service: but you, Bertrand, you must remain with me, and you will remain. I have spoken with the Abbé de la Haye, he bids me urge you. It is the cause of humanity. I could force you, Bertrand, and I implore you as a friend. By Heaven! you shall have gold and honour, beyond all that the whites can give."

"And be chief physician over all the hospitals?" said the Doctor.

"I name you my first assistant," replied Toussaint.

"Well, then," said the Doctor, with proud determination, "since it must be so, Toussaint Breda, my General."

"Then attend me as First Physician of the black army of his majesty Louis XVI."

With an indescribable manner, full of chilling sternness, the negro next approached Libertas. When he extended his hand to him, the proud planter seized it firmly, and looked with timid, imploring looks, at the despised slave.

"Fear nothing, M. Libertas," said Toussaint; "what I have done, I have done for your safety, and a merciful God has granted success to my efforts in your behalf. I have never forgotten that Master Libertas has been a kind master to me. There lies the Cape, here, at the foot of the hill, swift horses are waiting. Hasten away with your friends. I will see that you are safely guided by a circuitous route. What of gold and jewels was to be found, is in the pack-saddles; fly to America, but remember this day, and, if fate permits, show your gratitude to my black brethren."

"And to you, my friend," said Libertas, deeply moved, "this insurrection will soon be brought to an end, but, whatever may happen, thy kindness shall insure thy pardon."

"I have always said so," cried Borel, "the blacks are far more sensible than the cursed mulattoes. The wise old fellow secured himself a back door. I pardon you, Toussaint, all you have done to us, and especially to me, and I advise you to accompany us. The regiments of the Cape will soon be here, and give you all up to the wheel and the axe. So come, and I will protect you. You shall be my overseer, and by and by have your freedom."

The negro frowned, and turned silently away. "Pierrot," said he, to an active young fellow, "you know the way over the plain; conduct these gentlemen, and protect them." And then, with a proud look, measuring the Marquis, he said: "Arrogant man, your soul is already thirsting for blood, and yet you have, yourself, but just escaped from death. Beware of the hour when your brethren shall become more cunning than you. I read your fate in the stars. Not by a black hand, not by the arm of the hated mulatto will you fall. Your own brethren will disown you, and you will die forsaken and despised. Go," he cried, raising his voice, "already the fires of revenge gleam upon your path. Citizen Vincent, I shall see you again." And with these words he turned slowly off into the forests.

The armed negroes hurried the whites down the hill, and with all their characteristic awkwardness, helped them upon their horses. Toussaint's words had made a deep impression on their minds. Not until the Marquis was fairly seated in the saddle, did he recover his composure. "By God!" said he, "this black knave is something of a conjurer. But the hour will come when he shall rue it, and I'll not thrust myself between him and the hangman."

"Hush!" cried Charmilly, "there stands the black fellow, a creature of uncommon intelligence, such as I had not dreamed ever was found under a black skin."

As they rode rappidly off, they looked up, and there stood Toussaint, visible by the light of the flames, upon one of the highest points of the eminence. His gold-laced coat, and the floating feathers of his hat, glanced brightly in the glare. He appeared to follow the riders with his eye, and, at his side stood the negress, with the red scarf in her hand, which, streaming in the air, waved a silent farewell.

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PAPERS.

PETITION AGAINST CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—The petition of the committee and members of the Health and Life Association, and inhabitants of Liverpool, against capital punishment is three hundred and thirty feet long, contains about 12,000 signatures, and is about twenty pounds weight.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

THE LEAGUE NEWSPAPER.—Our task is nearly accomplished. It will in all probability be our duty, next week, to bid our readers farewell: and we cannot now give vent to the feelings which such an event inspires.—*League*, of Saturday.

A PRESERVATIVE FOR MEAT IN HOT WEATHER.—The *Magazine of Domestic Economy* gives the following receipt for preserving meat in summer:—First wipe the meat gently and lightly with a clean cloth, then dust over every part with pure oaten meal. The meal imparts a sweet flavour to the meat. It must all be wiped away before the meat is put down either to be boiled or roasted.

PUSEYISM.—A respectable correspondent thus writes to us:—"I am sorry to inform you that Dr. Wiseman's health is in a very precarious state at present. Mr. Newman and six others of the recent converts are on retreat at old Oscott for minor orders on next Saturday; and four, amongst whom are Mr. Faber, and Mr. Talbot, (Lord Talbot's brother,) are to receive priesthood on the same day. Another of the leading men of Oxford is to come to Oscott next week, but I am not at liberty to declare his name."—*Waterford Chronicle.*

RAGGED SCHOOLS.—We are gratified to find that a few philanthropic individuals in this town have formed themselves into a committee, for the purpose of trying the experiment of establishing ragged schools in this neighbourhood. They have already hired a schoolroom in Greenland street, and engaged teachers for the purpose of at once commencing an evening school for girls; and a sub-committee has been appointed to look out for a suitable place, in order that a school for boys may be opened as soon as practicable.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

A LIVERPOOL SLAVERY MOB IN 1807.—On Mr. Roscoe's return to Liverpool, after the dissolution, he found that his speech on the Slave-Trade, and the triumphant passing of the bill, had excited a strong feeling against him amongst the lower classes. In that town, too, the "No-popery" cry had been renewed, and every artifice was resorted to to deprive him of the confidence of the electors, and to render him odious to the populace. In the month of May he made his public entry into Liverpool. A numerous body of his friends, mounted and on foot, met him at the outskirts of the town. They had not, however, proceeded far on their return, when it became evident that their progress to Mr. Roscoe's bank, from the windows of which it was intended that he should address the people, would be opposed. Strong parties of seamen, chiefly consisting of the crews of vessels lately engaged in the African trade, armed with bludgeons and other weapons, were disposed along the streets to obstruct the passage of the procession; and, when it reached Castle street, a scene of the greatest tumult and riot prevailed. At length, the number and resolution of Mr. Roscoe's friends enabled them to force a passage through their adversaries, but not without many personal injuries to both parties. The horse on which Mr. Williams, a magistrate of the county, and a warm friend of Mr. Roscoe, was mounted, was stabbed with a knife; and the most fatal consequences might have ensued had not great forbearance been displayed towards the assailants. On reaching the bank, Mr. Roscoe attempted to address the crowds collected beneath the windows; but the tumult was renewed, and he was compelled to desist. Fortunately, the day passed off without further violence.—*Memoir of Roscoe, prefixed to his Life of Lorenzo de Medici.*

OREGON—PROGRESS OF CATHOLICISM.—A Mr. G. Hines, a Methodist missionary in Oregon, has, in a letter written to a correspondent of the *United States Miscellany*, given the following account of the progress of Catholicity in the Oregon:—"The Roman Catholics are the first in point of numbers in the country. *You might as well attempt to convert a monkey as to try to make a genuine Christian out of an Indian.*" A Roman Catholic clergyman, in answer to the above observations, remarks that the red men owe in no slight degree their stability to their faith to the comparison they have the opportunity of instituting between the lives and practices of the Catholic and Methodist missionaries. That whilst the former adapt their lives to the hard position they occupy, and make no account of their own comfort if they can save souls for Jesus Christ, the latter are employed *in packing for exportation six hundred barrels of pickled salmon!* The waters of the Columbia river are found to have more attractions for the pious Wesleyans than the souls of the Indians. The "water of life" sounds, doubtless, very fair in a discourse, but then it had no *fish* in it.

IMPORTANCE OF GOOD VENTILATION.—Five hundred people in a church, during two hours give off fifteen gallons of water into the air; which, if not carried away, saturates everything in the building, after it has been breathed over and over again, in conjunction with the impurities it contains collected from each individual. The use of lamps, gas, and oil, deteriorates the air, and adds much moisture to it. The effects of neglect for carrying out plans for ventilation are shown in the production of three of the most formidable and frequent diseases which affect the human race—fever, scrofula, and consumption.

THE CANINE POSTMAN.—At Albany, in Worcestershire, the seat of Admiral Maling, a dog went every day to meet the mail, and brought the bag in his mouth to the house. The distance was about half a quarter of a mile. The servants having, on one day only, neglected to give him his accustomed meal, the dog, on the arrival of the next mail, buried the bag, nor was it found without considerable search.—*Jesse.*

THE PLAGUE AND QUARANTINE.—The French Government have just published the Report of the Royal Academy of Medicine on this most important subject; the conclusions come to by the commission ordered to investigate and report on the question, as to its being contagious or non-contagious, is, that *the plague is not contagious.*

M. ARAGO, the French astronomer, says it is impossible to foretell, with certainty, what the weather will be a year, a month, a week, or even a single day in advance; and repudiates the weather predictions periodically made in his name.

THE SIKHS.—The common Sikhs are barbarous and rough, not even polite enough to move out of your way in the street, unless pushed; the women fair, well featured and formed, though at first sight somewhat startling, by the exclusive use of the most tight-fitting pantaloons in the world! We are now, however, use to it.—*Times Lahore Correspondent.*

AMERICAN LAWYERS.—It is asserted that, when a stranger is obliged to employ one of these gentry, he frequently employs another for the purpose of attending and watching his movements, and to protect him against the rapacity and rascality of the first.

The house No. 9, on the Quai de Napoleon, which, according to tradition, was the habitation of Abelard and Heloise, is now being pulled down, and swept away from among the ancient monuments of Paris.

SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—The debate, up to a late hour, was dull and uninteresting. But a divertisement which succeeded, in which Lord Brougham and Lord Stanley shared largely, more than compensated for the heaviness, which was the leading feature in nearly all the early speeches. What do you think caused the night's sport? A fixed duty? No. Hostile tariffs? Neither of these—nor anything else you are likely to conjecture. Hear, then,—it was Lord Brougham's "*beauty!*" His assailant and rival in the Graces, Lord Stanley, labelled him with a most appropriate quotation from Milton. He might have added from Shakspeare—

"Your beauty was the cause of that effect—
Your beauty that did haunt me in my sleep."

Lord Brougham, in starting up to reply to some advocates for a fixed duty, complained with considerable humour of the torrid heat in the house, which heat he said would overpower him, even in the vigour of youth. To the word "youth," Lord Stanley, affecting to quote Lord Brougham, maliciously added the word "beauty." Now to share the uproarous mirth begotten by the addition of this dangerous little word, you should see Lord Brougham as he sat heated and panting after delivering a long speech, in which he bestowed his favours rather liberally among the Protectionists. When the laughter was loudest against him, he made an effort to be heard, but Lord Stanley being in possession of the House, he was forced to keep his seat. As if to crown the scene, he took from his pocket, while Lord Stanley glanced at him, a small comb, and arranged very carefully the band of hair, which, like a fillet, goes across his forehead. Then, indeed, the mirth grew furious. Among those who enjoyed it most, were the "Iron Duke," whose Government the noble victim had been praising all the evening, and Sir James Graham, who sat in the strangers' gallery, leaving the guage question to be arranged as best it might in the Commons. Over and over again Lord Brougham interrupted, and frequently, in spite of every appeal for order, he kept on his legs until he forced the House to hear him. By the time he was entitled to reply, he was all but exhausted; yet he was pointed and effective. He declared with a vehemence of wounded vanity that "beauty" was a word which Lord Stanley and himself ought to strike out of their vocabularies—a declaration, in the propriety of which the House entirely concurred.

The Marquis of Landsdowne restored the gravity of the debate in a clear and impressive speech against the amendments. Lord Cloncurry was manly and explicit. He gave the Government full credit for the bill, though but few of their measures found favour with him. The other speeches are not worth notice. The Protectionists were soundly thrashed in every quarter.

COOKING BY GAS.—At the Reform Club, in Pall Mall, a great number of operations in cookery are performed by gas instead of charcoal; it is found to be more economical, as it can be turned nearly off when not in use, and is far more cleanly and free from smell. The gas ascends from perforated pipes, in the form of a gridiron, through a bed of pomice stone, which being porous and fire-proof, soon becomes of a glowing red heat, and every operation of cooking, frying, broiling, stewing, roasting, boiling, &c. may be performed in the most easy and perfect manner.

GENERAL ARTIFICIAL RUIN ASSOCIATION.—We find the following curious details in the *Moniteur des Arts:* "There exists at Rome secret work-rooms of sculpture, where the works manufactured are broken arms, heads of the gods, feet of satyrs, and broken *torsi*—of nobody. By means of a liquid there used, a colour of the finest antiquity is communicated to the marble. Scattered about the country are goat-herds, who feed their flocks in the vicinity of ruins, and look out for foreigners. To these they speak incidentally of treasures found by digging a few feet deep in such neighbourhoods. The English in particular, are the victims of such mystification; and freely yield their money to shepherds, who are agents to the *General Artificiel Ruin Association*, and know well where to apply the pickaxe. They are careful, however, to spend much time and labour in fruitless search, before they come finally upon the treasure, for which the foreigner willingly pays: England is full of these antiquities of six month's age. Nor do the amateur numismatists leave Rome with empty hands; for in that city are daily coined, without fear of the law, the money of Cæsar, Hadrian, Titus, Heliogabalus, and all the Antonies—filed, pinched, and corroded to give the look of age. Paris may be said to have hitherto, by comparison with London, escaped this epidemy for the youthful antiquities of bronze and marble—but she is devoured by the forgers of middle-age antiquities. It is notorious with what skill and impudence certain cabinet-makers manufacture chairs, tables, and footstools of the fifteenth century, and how readily they find dupes. A young antiquarian showed, lately, with great pride, to an artist, a friend of his, a very fine article of Gothic furniture, which he had just bought at great cost. "It is very fine," said his friend, after examination, "and it will last you long—*for it is quite new.*"

Motto.—Pro Catena, Purca, et Flagello.

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN PRO-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—All those right-minded and respectable persons who wish for a revival of the "good old times," who like to see the common people kept in their proper place, and taught nothing more than to do as they are bid; who would have the boys flogged, and men hanged, that deserve it; are invited to co-operate in the formation of an association now about to be instituted, to be called the British and Foreign Pro-Slavery Society.

The foundation of this society has become necessary in order to counteract the machinations of the Anti-Slavery Society for the diffusion, at home and abroad, of the dangerous principles of Liberty.

The following are the objects for which the Pro-Slavery Society will contend, in utter defiance of what is styled public opinion:—

1. Agitation for the repeal of the negro emancipation act. Petitions will be circulated for the pardon of persons convicted of the so-called offence of slave-dealing, and every effort will be made for the revival of this important branch of our national commerce, in which our slaveholding brethren on the other side of the Atlantic will be politely requested to unite.

2. The continuance of fagging in public schools; for the training up of our youth in habits of servitude.

3. The maintenance of impressment in the navy, and of corporal punishment in the army, and the opposition of the fatal and mischievous scheme of educating the common soldier.

4. The unflinching championship of the game laws, and the inculcation of the sacredness of the head of game, and the inviolable privileges of the lord of the manor.

5. The perpetuation of our glorious gallows, the true tree of the British Constitution, round which every member of the Pro-Slavery Society is expected to rally, beseeching the woodman to spare at least that tree.

Such will be the leading objects of the society; and it will aim, generally, at the suppression of enlightenment, and the universal establishment of despotism.—*Punch.*

The following hints on floating will be found well worthy of attention:—Any human being who will have presence of mind to clasp the hands behind the back, and turn the face towards the zenith, may float at ease, and in perfect safety, in tolerably still water—aye, and sleep there, no matter how long. If, not knowing how to swim, you would escape drowning when you find yourself in deep water, you have only to consider yourself an empty pitcher; let your mouth and nose—not the top part of your heavy head—be the highest part, and you are safe; but thrust up your bony hands, and down you go—turning up the handle tips over the pitcher.

The earliest letter written in England, now existing, as Sir H. Ellis informs us, is that of Wuldher, Bishop of London, to Beretuald, Archbishop of Canterbury, respecting the holding of a council. As Beretuald was Archbishop from 692 to 731, this "solitary record of early epistolary intercourse"—which is preserved in the Cottonian Collection—is more than eleven hundred years old. It is probable that the introduction of paper, a convenience for which, as the editor remarks, we are indebted to the Crusades, and which appears to have been brought into England towards the close of the thirteenth century, "from the East, by way of Italy," greatly encouraged the increase of familiar correspondence; although very few authentic specimens of a date previous to the fifteenth century have been discovered. In proof, however, that letter-writing soon began to be cultivated in earnest, Sir Henry Ellis refers us to a curious illustration. This is a kind of a "Complete Letter Writer," preserved in the Harleian Collection, of the time of Edward the Third; and which formerly belonged to St. Edmundsbury Abbey.—*Athenæum.*

In the ball which crowned the spire of the tower of the old market-house at Breslau, just taken down, have been found a plate of copper highly gilt, and bearing inscriptions of the date of 1571,—a large quantity of coins, gold, silver, and copper, of 1544,—and a box inclosing receipts for the price of all the materials furnished for the construction of the tower, and the salaries of the workmen employed—as well as a record on parchment stating that the tower was built by a furrier of Breslau, named Gladwisch, in conformity to a judgment, of 1570, which condemned him to erect it as the expiation of a murder by him committed. From Breslau, too, mention is made of the completion of one of the greatest modern works achieved in Germany; a magnificent viaduct, near Bunzlau to carry the railway of Upper Silesia, eighty-eight feet in height, having thirty-eight arches, and the cost of which has been nearly £700,000.—*Ibid.*

We find it stated in a French scientific paper, that Siberia contains gold in such abundance, that its discovery is likely to produce a financial revolution in Europe similar to that which took place on the discovery of Peru. In the period of the last fourteen years, the produce of the gold mines in that country is said to have doubled. Eleven thousand persons are daily employed in washing mineral; and three times the number could be so occupied if the hands could be found. Nothing but this want of labourers, adds our authority, prevents the markets of Europe from being filled with the gold of this rich deposit.

From the Dublin Freeman's Journal.

BLOODHOUNDS.

"Two whelps still unsold—both dogs. Remember that these are the genuine bloodhound, formerly used for *tracking criminals*, and still likely to prove most serviceable in the disturbed districts of Ireland. Pedigree, &c. will be given. To be seen at Scott's livery stables, Lower Exchange street, Dublin."

35 ECCLES STREET, 24th June, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR—Is not the above a precious article to find in an Irish paper? One must rub his eyes over and over again before he can credit the evidence of his senses that a single human being in Ireland could be found so daring as to offer such an insult to his countrymen as is conveyed in the above infamous advertisement, which appears in the *General Advertiser* of the 13th instant, and to which my attention has been only just drawn; I only read it a few minutes ago. What "soul driver" from the Southern States of the American Union has made his appearance among us? or who is rather bidden among us,